

REVIVAL GEMS NUMBER TWO

10 Cents per Copy
in any quantity

Fully Orchestrated

Published by
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY & SON
53 W. Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY

Printed in U. S. A

REVIVAL GEMS

Number Two

BY
Samuel W. Beazley

for use in

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS

CHURCH SERVICES

MID-WEEK MEETINGS

SABBATH SCHOOLS

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

◆◆◆
This book contains:

Great Standard Hymns and Gospel Songs,

Invitation Hymns,

Congregational Hymns,

Devotional Hymns,

Hymns for Youth,

Special Service Songs,

Chorus Choir Selections,

Solos, Duets, and Mixed Quartets.

◆◆◆
Fully orchestrated in 12 books. Interchangeable instruments increasing number to 20 or more.
◆◆◆

10 cents per copy in any quantity—transportation paid by the purchaser.

Your choice, round or shaped notes.

Orchestration copies 60 cents each or \$6.00 for the complete set of 12 books.

ORCHESTRATION NOTES

The following instruments are used in the 12 printed orchestration books:

Violins, First and Second (Two books).

Cello and Bass (String) (Carrying tenor and bass parts throughout).

Cornets in Bb (or A) First and Second (Carrying the melody for Bb instrument).

Trombone—(Bass and treble Clefs)—(Two books).

C melody Saxophone (Carrying the melody for C instruments).

E flat Alto Saxophone (Carrying the alto part throughout).

Clarinets (First and Second, complete for Bb with addendum for A Clarinet) (Two books).

Flute.

Piano accompaniment for use with orchestra only.

The object of this orchestration has been to make it as practical as possible and to achieve the best effect without superfluity. Four parts will suffice to produce a good ensemble although additional ones greatly enhance the result. Many of the instruments used have parts interchangeable with others making 20 or more pieces available. All of the numbers have been **SPECIALLY** orchestrated for **REVIVAL GEMS NUMBER TWO** and are, therefore, original and spontaneous. Each part is practical and pleasing to both player and audience.

The C melody Saxophone part may be used likewise by the C melody Tenor Saxophone.

The Bb Cornet part is available for two different Saxophones, i. e., the Bb Soprano Saxophone and the Bb Tenor Saxophone.

If an Eb Cornet is used, the Eb Saxophone part would prove useful.

Note—The AMEN at close of each hymn is optional.

Revival Gems Number Two

1

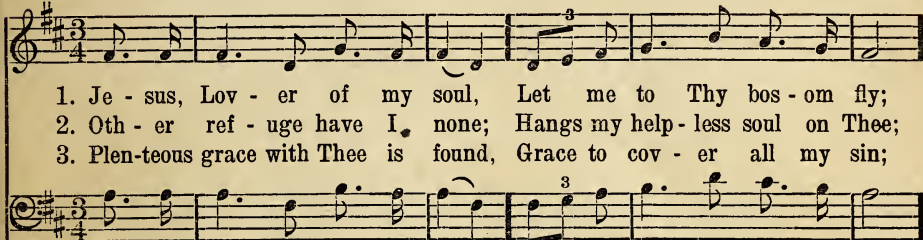
Jesus, Lover of My Soul

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

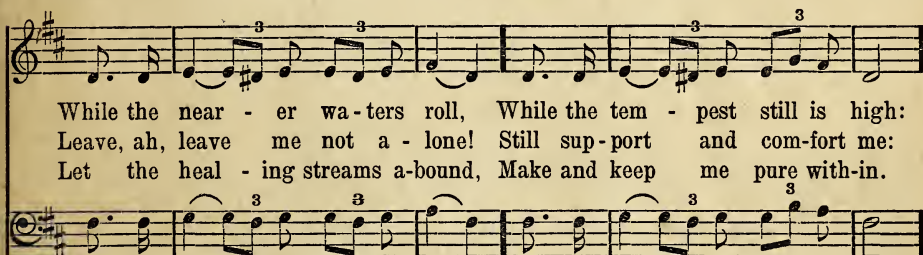
These words can be sung to the tune "Martin" from memory.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

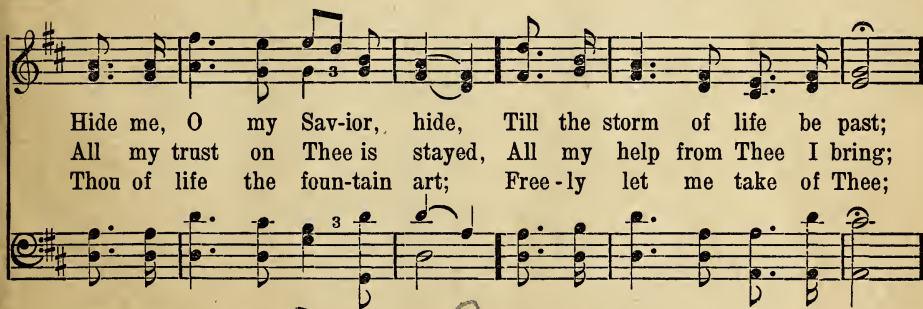
T. P. Holbrook.



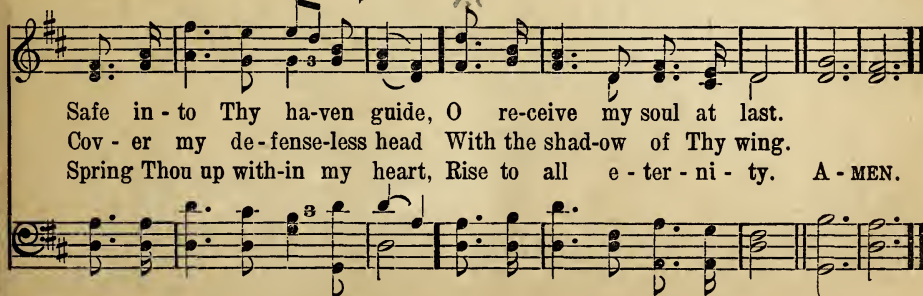
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I, none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone! Still sup - port and com - fort me:
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.



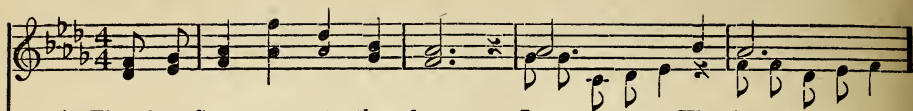
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee;



Safe in - to Thy ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

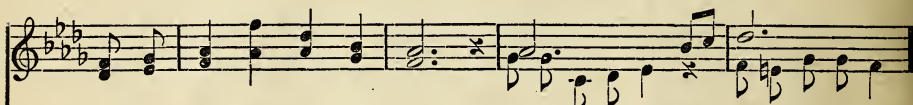
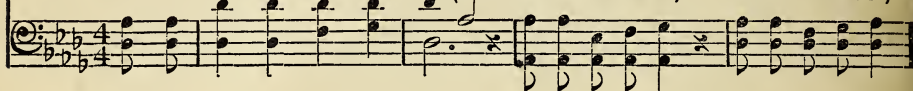
J. B. Atchinson.

E. O. Excell.



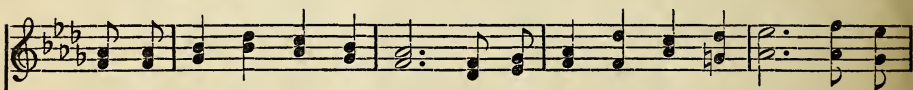
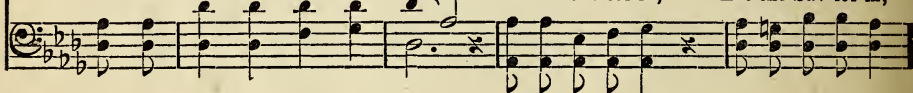
1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

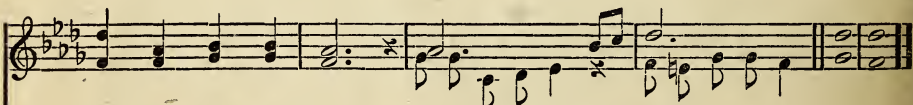
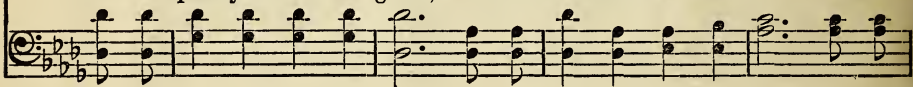


He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



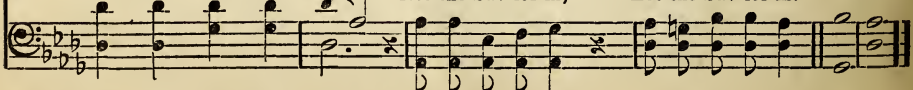
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
 He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
 He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n He will



Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.
 keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in.

A-MEN.

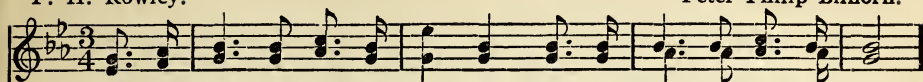
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.



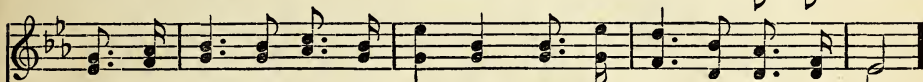
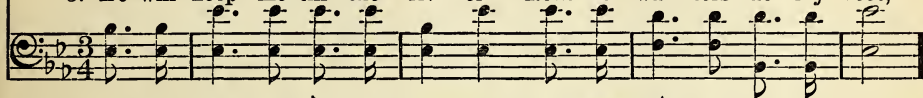
I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

F. H. Rowley.

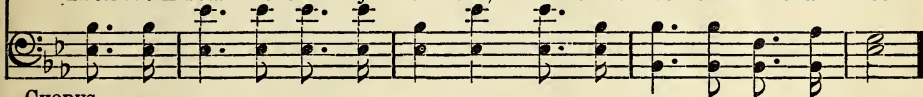
Peter Philip Bilhorn.



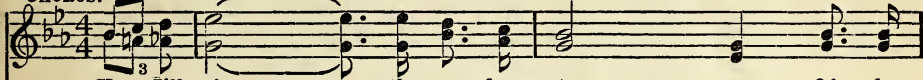
1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
 2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
 3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me; Faint was I from many a fall;
 4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,
 5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;



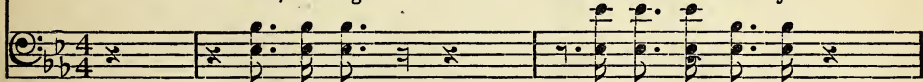
How He left His home in glo - ry For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
 Sight was gone, and fears pos-sessed me; But He freed me from them all.
 But the Sav - ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
 Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.



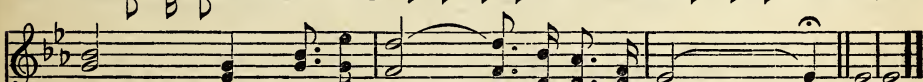
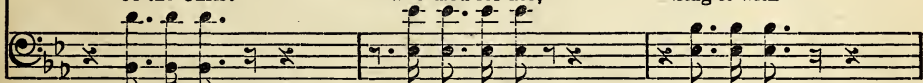
CHORUS.



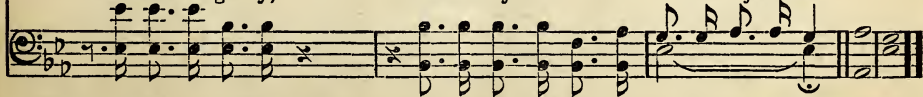
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - - - - ry Of the -
 Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry



Christ who died for me, Sing it with the saints in
 Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

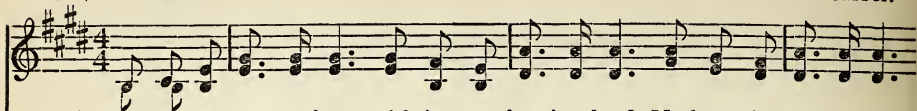


glo - - - - ry, Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea. A-MEN.
 the saints in glo-ry, Gathered by the crystal sea.

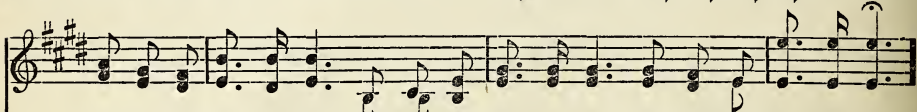


Dr. E. T. Cassel.

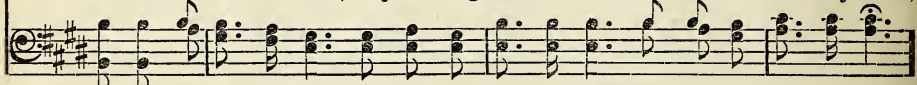
Flora H. Cassel.



1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-ign land; My home is far a-way,
2. This is the King's com-mand: that all men, ev'rywhere, Re-pent and turn a-way
3. My home is brighter far than Sharon's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy

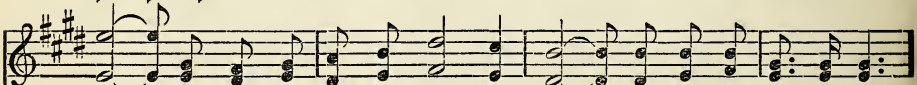
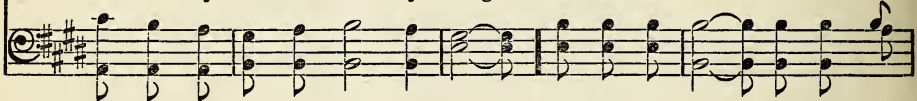


up - on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms beyond the sea,
 from sin's seductive snare; That all who will o - bey, with Him shall reign for aye,
 thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,

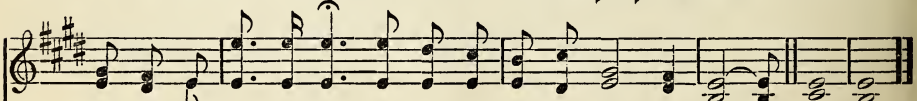
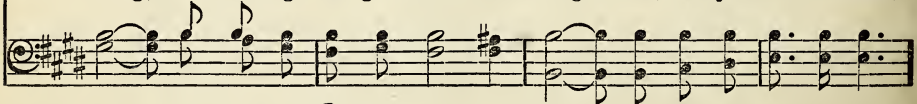


CHORUS.

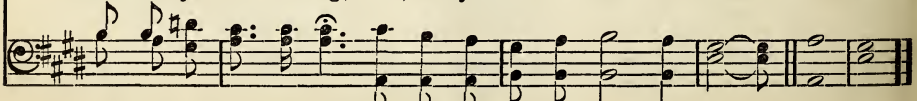
I'm here on busi-ness for my King.
 And that's my busi-ness for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
 And that's my busi-ness for my King.



bring, A mes-sage an-gels fain would sing: "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled,"



Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God." A - MEN.

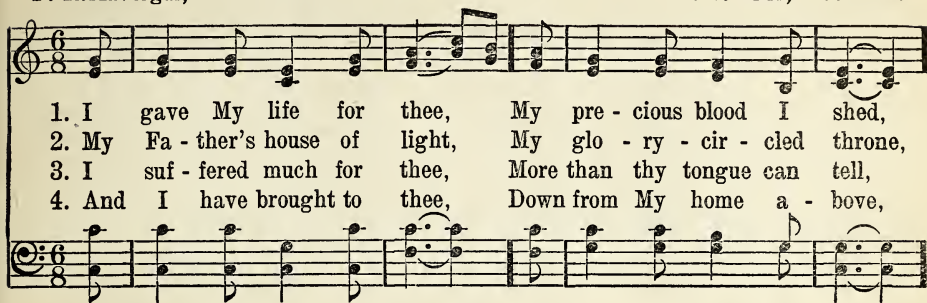


I Gave My Life For Thee

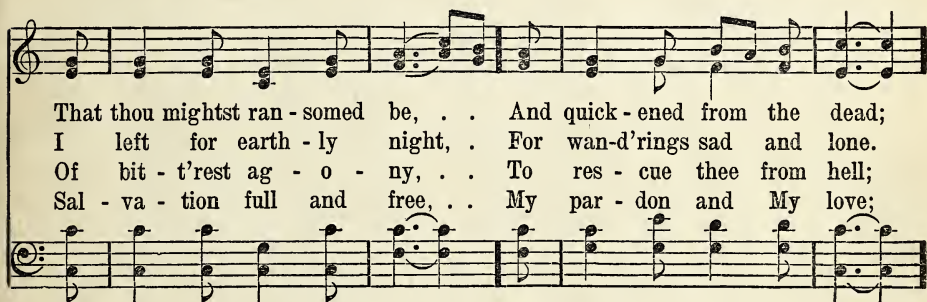
(WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME? 6s, 61.)

F. R. Havergal, 1836-1879.

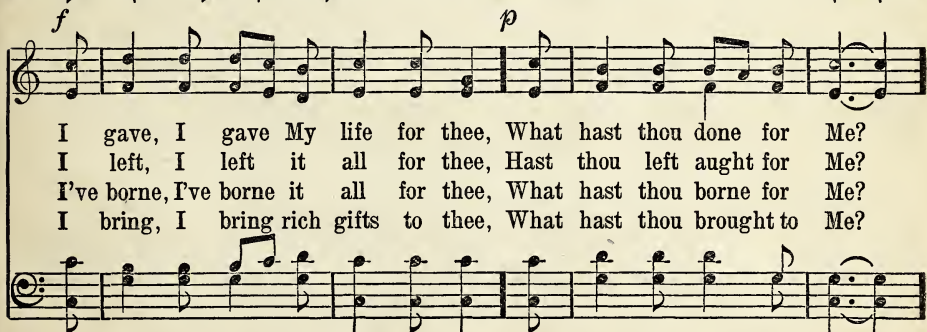
P. P. Bliss, 1838-1876.



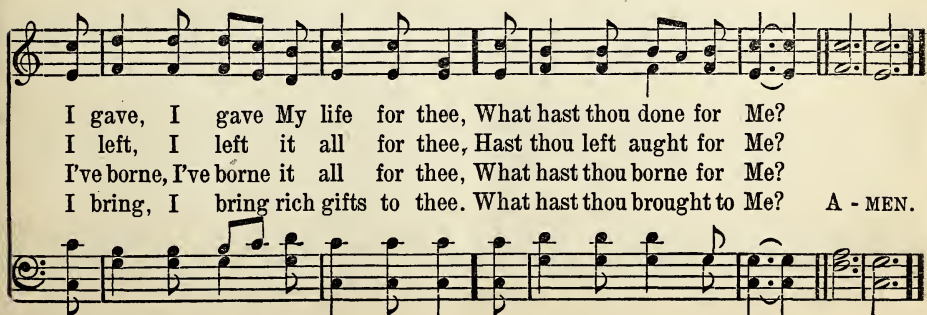
1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne,
 3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,



That thou mightst ran - somed be, . . And quick - ened from the dead;
 I left for earth - ly night, . For wan-d'rings sad and lone.
 Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, . . To res - cue thee from hell;
 Sal - va - tion full and free, . . My par - don and My love;



f I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou done for Me?
p I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?



I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou done for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee. What hast thou brought to Me? A - MEN.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the sig-nal-strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth a-round, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 3. Come, join our loy - al thron'g, We'll rout the gi-ant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
 4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

loy - al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
 loy - al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
 loy - al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
 loy - al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's do-main,

CHORUS.

Of loy - al-ty, loy - al-ty, Yes, loy - al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to

vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
 great Commander; "On!"

We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

The Whole World Was Lost

(THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.)

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss, 1838-1876.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je-sus a-bide, The Light of the
3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin-blind-ed eyes, The Light of the
4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the

world is Je-sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo-ry shone in,
 world is Je-sus; We walk in the Light when we fol-low our Guide,
 world is Je-sus; Go, wash, at His bid-ding, and light will a-rise,
 world is Je-sus; The Lamb is the Light in the Cit-y of Gold,

REFRAIN.

The Light of the world is Je-sus. Come to the Light, 'tis

shin-ing for thee; Sweet-ly the Light has dawned up-on me; Once I was

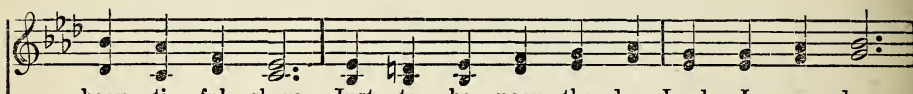
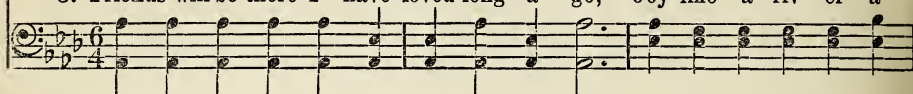
blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je-sus. A-MEN.

C. H. G.

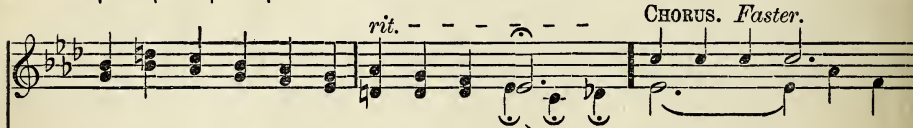
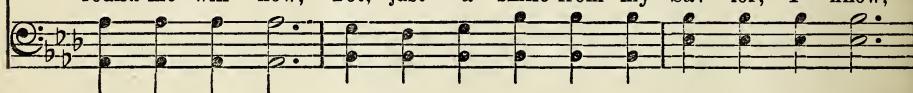
Chas. H. Gabriel.



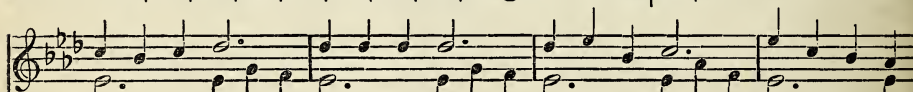
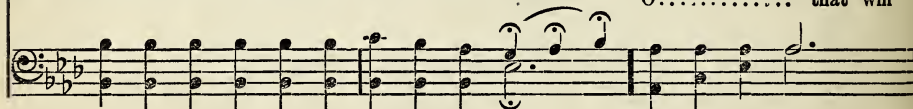
1. When all the la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fi - nite grace, I am ac - cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -



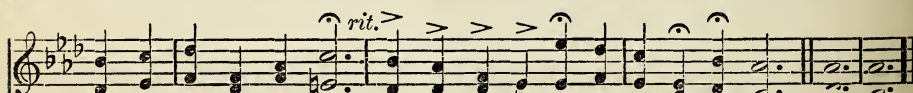
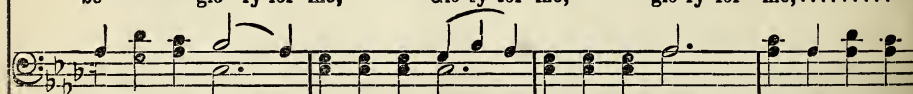
beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
 heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
 round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know.



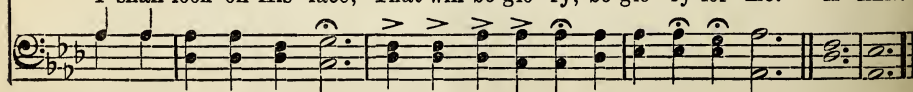
Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me O that will be
O that will



glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;.....



I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me. A-MEN.



Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love

P. P. B.

Peter Philip Bilhorn.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
 2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
 3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I sing it a -
 debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No oth - er foun -
 heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In Him the rich
 as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's noth - ing but

gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 da - tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
 bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

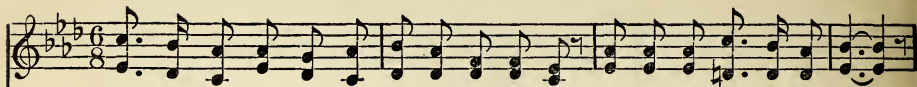
Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful peace from a - bove, (a - bove,) Oh,

won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love. A - MEN.

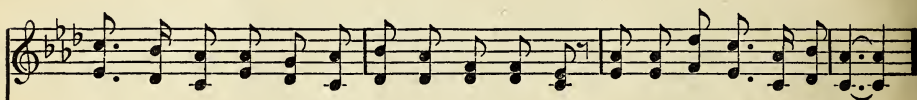
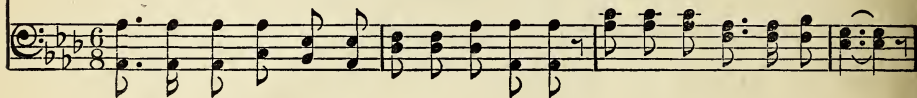
W. L. T.

(11s, 7s.)

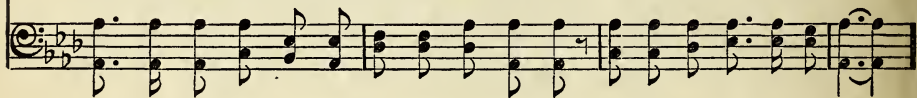
Will L. Thompson.



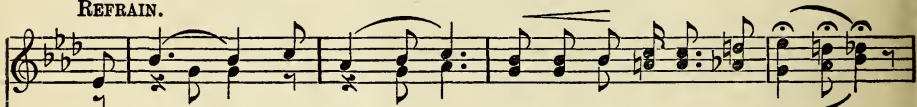
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me;
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are passing, Pass - ing for you and for me;
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



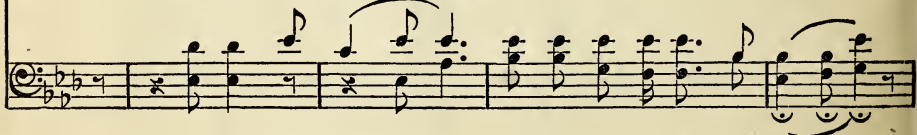
See, on the por - tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.



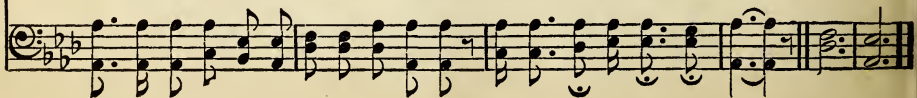
REFRAIN.



Come home, . . . come home, . . . Ye who are wea - ry, come home! . .
 Come home, come home,



Ear - nest - ly, tenderly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home! A - MEN.

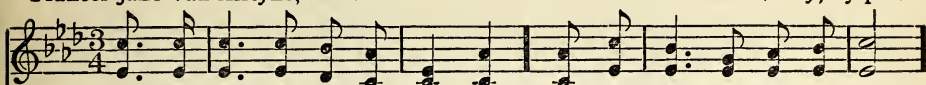


All the Way My Savior Leads Me

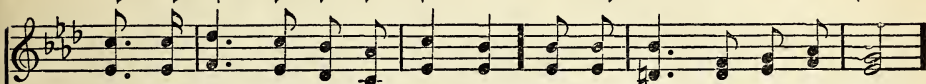
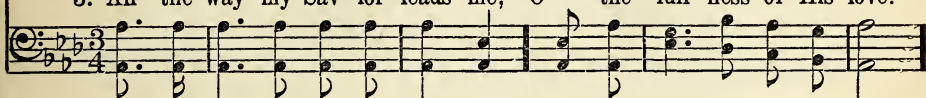
(ALL THE WAY. 8s, 7s. D.)

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1882.

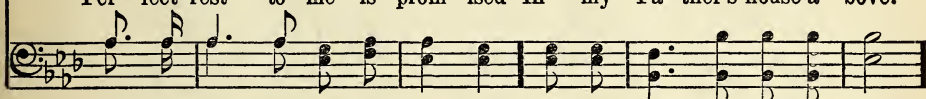
Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.



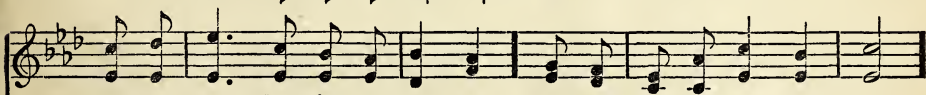
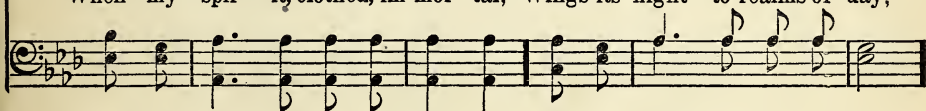
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the full-ness of His love!



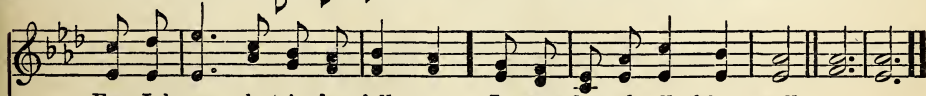
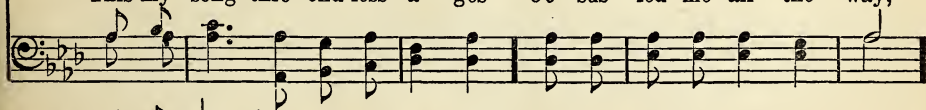
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
 Gives me grace for ev'-ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.



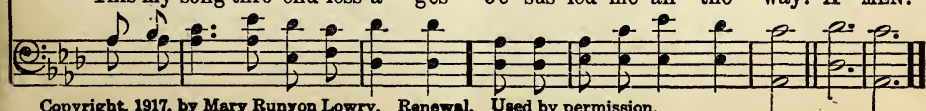
Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
 Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
 When my spir-it, clothed, im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
 Gush-ing from the rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges— Je-sus led me all the way;



For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
 Gushing from the rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges— Je-sus led me all the way. A - MEN.

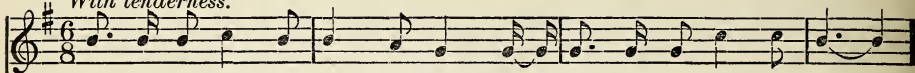


Where is My Boy To-night?

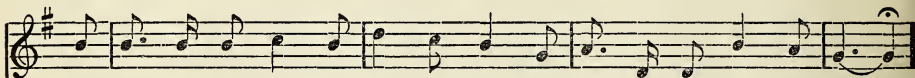
R. L.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

With tenderness.



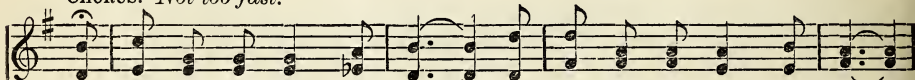
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night— The boy of my ten-d'rest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn - ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time,
4. Go for my wan-d'ring boy to-night; Go search for him where you will:



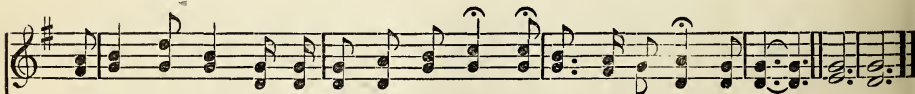
The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.



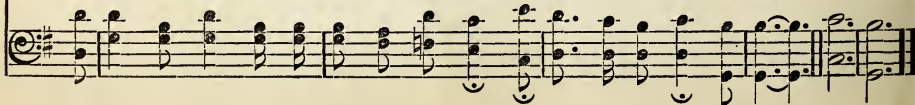
CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?



My heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night? A-MEN.



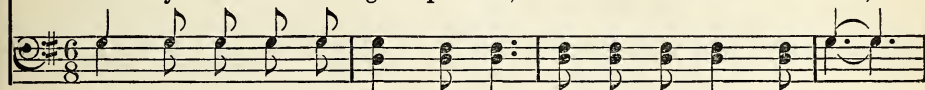
P. P. B.

(8s, 6s.)

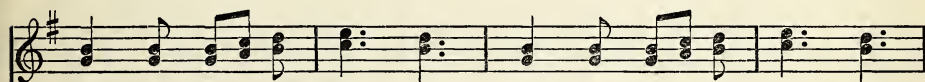
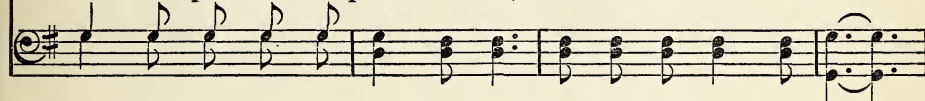
P. P. Bliss.



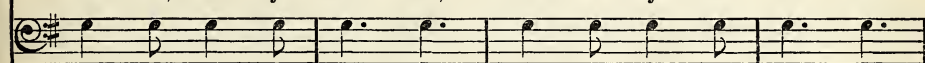
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life,
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life,



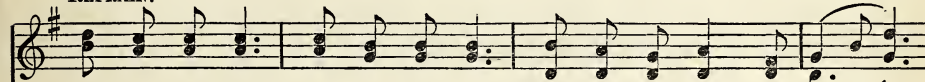
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.



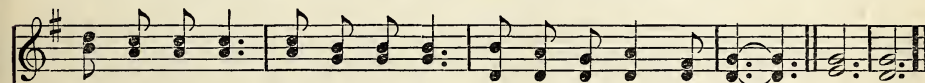
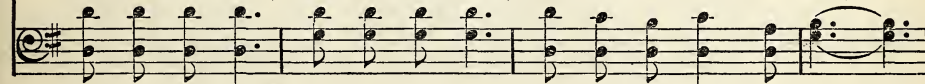
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.



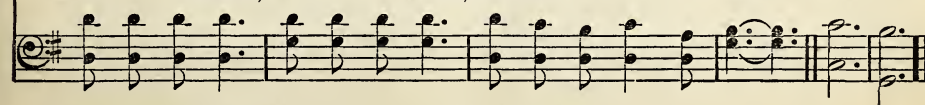
REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life, . .



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. A - MEN.



The Service of Jesus

F. C. H.
DUET.

(IT PAYS TO SERVE JESUS.)

Frank C. Huston.

1. The serv-ice of Je-sus true pleas-ure af-fords, In Him there is joy with-
 2. It pays to serve Je-sus what-e'er may be-tide; It pays to be true what-
 3. Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sor-rows may come to

out an al-loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His words; It
 e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-bide; It
 beck-on us home; Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-pay; It

REFRAIN.

pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je-sus, it pays ev-'ry

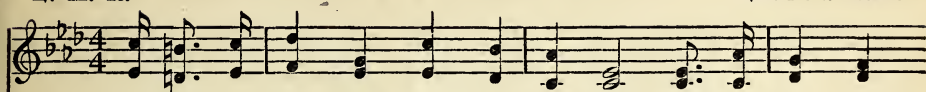
day, It pays ev-'ry step of the way; . . . Tho' the path-way to
 ev-'ry step of the way;

glo-ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be happy each step of the way. A - MEN.

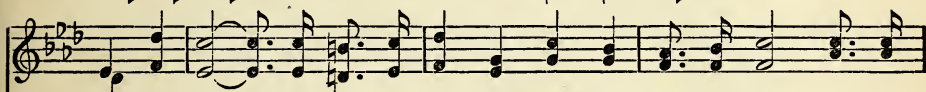
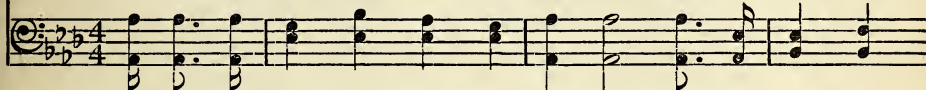
In My Heart There Rings a Melody

E. M. R.

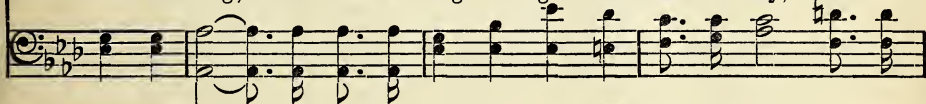
Elton M. Roth.



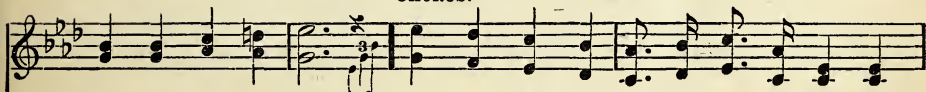
1. I have a song that Je - sus gave me, It was sent from
2. I love the Christ who died on Cal - v'ry, For He washed my
3. 'Twill be my end - less theme in glo - ry, With the an - gels



heav'n a - bove; There nev - er was a sweet - er mel - o - dy, 'Tis a
 sins a - way; He put with - in my heart a mel - o - dy, And I
 I will sing; 'Twill be a song with glo - rious har - mo - ny, When the

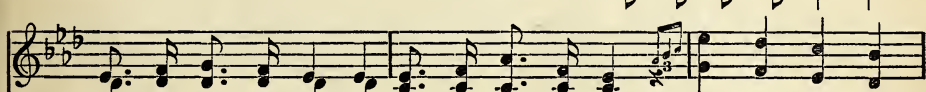
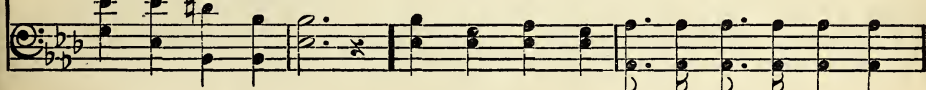


CHORUS.

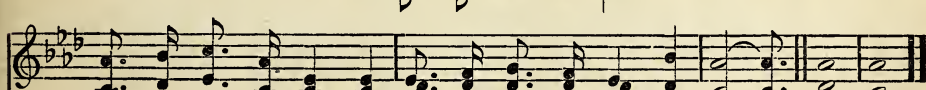


mel - o - dy of love.
 know it's there to stay.
 courts of heav - en ring.

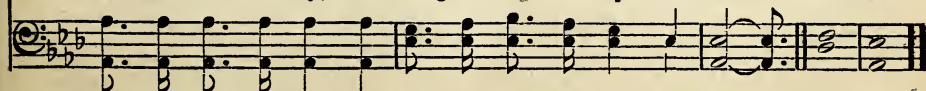
In my heart there rings a mel - o - dy, There



rings a mel - o - dy with heav - en's har - mo - ny; In my heart there



rings a mel - o - dy; There rings a mel - o - dy of love. A - MEN.

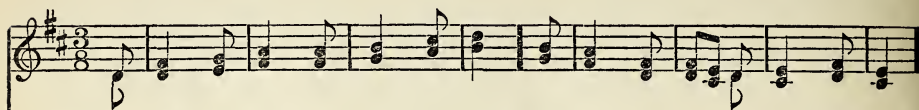


Sweet Hour of Prayer!

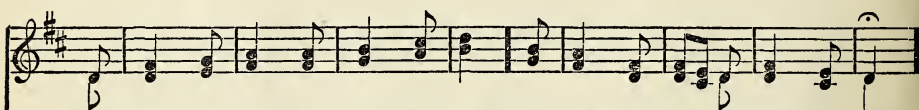
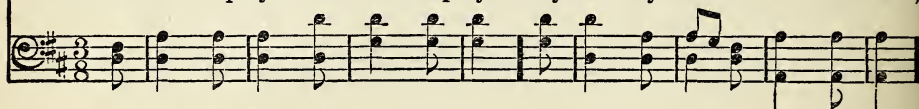
(SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.)

W. W. Walford, 1846.

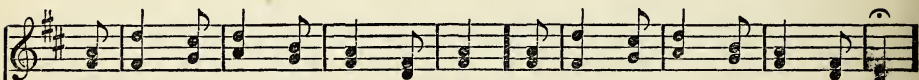
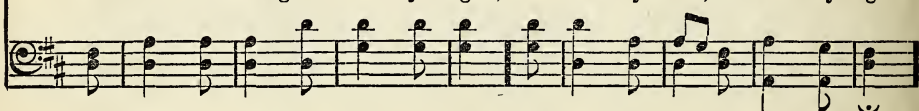
W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1863.



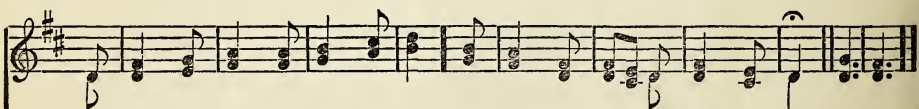
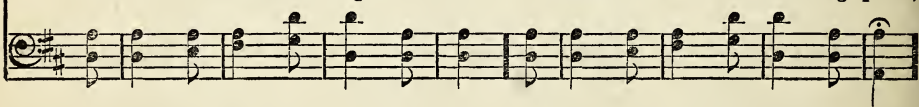
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share;



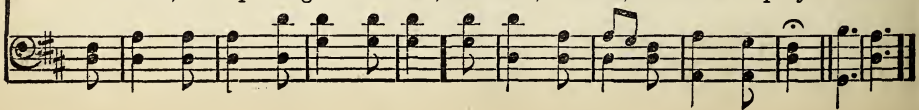
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
 To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
 Till from Mount Pis-gah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last-ing prize;



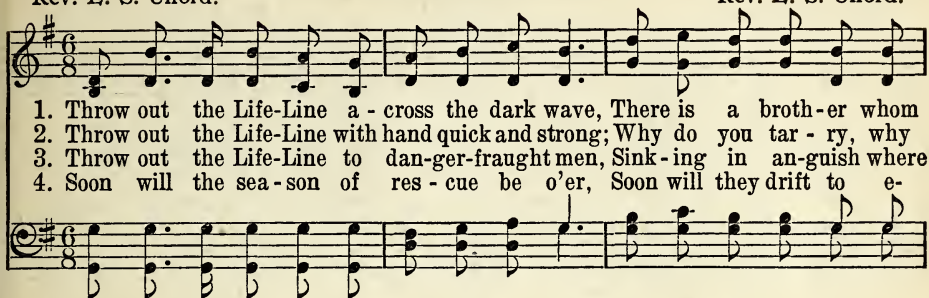
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
 I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
 And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. A-MEN.



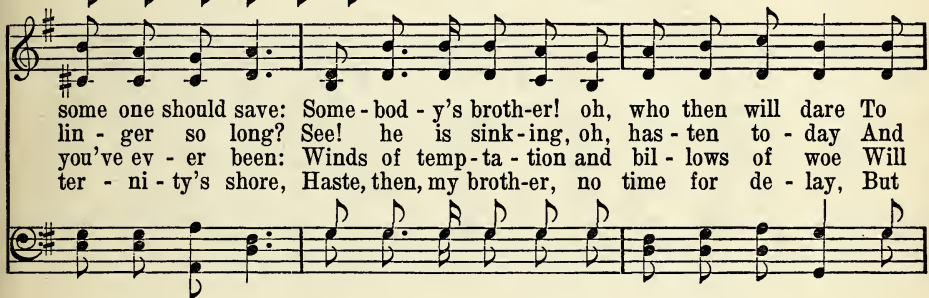
Throw Out the Life-Line

Rev. E. S. Ufford.

Rev. E. S. Ufford.

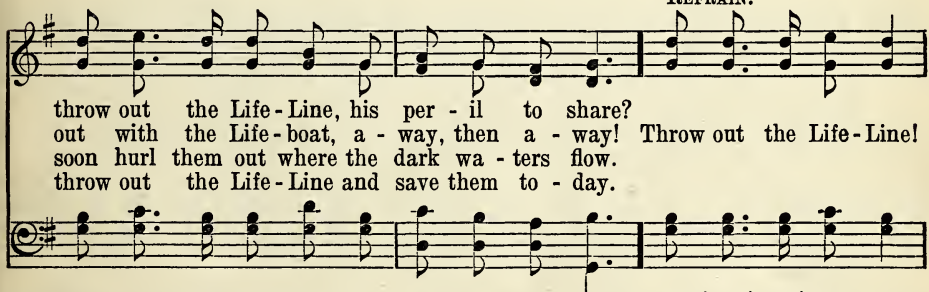


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
 4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

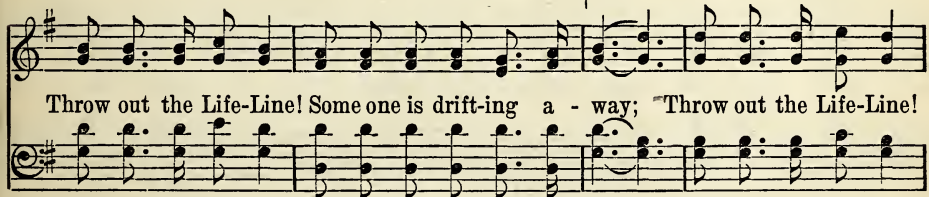


some one should save: Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh, who then will dare To
 lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing, oh, has - ten to - day And
 you've ev - er been: Winds of temp-ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
 ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But

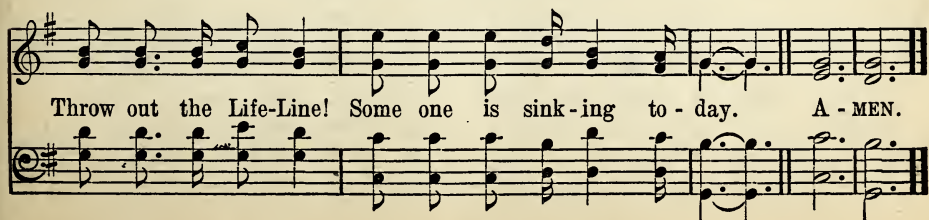
REFRAIN.



throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
 out with the Life-boat, a - way, then a - way! Throw out the Life-Line!
 soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
 throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.



Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the Life-Line!



Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day. A - MEN.

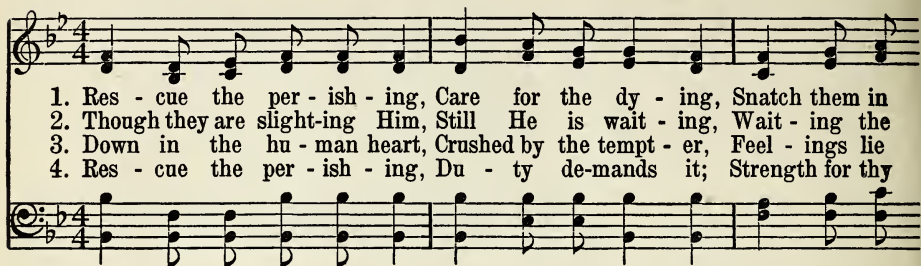
Rescue the Perishing

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

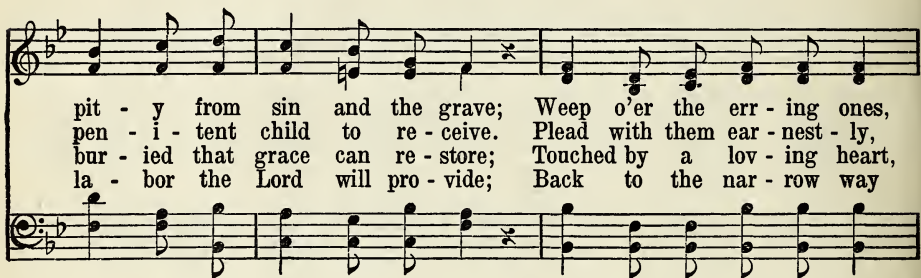
Fanny J. Crosby.

(P. M.)

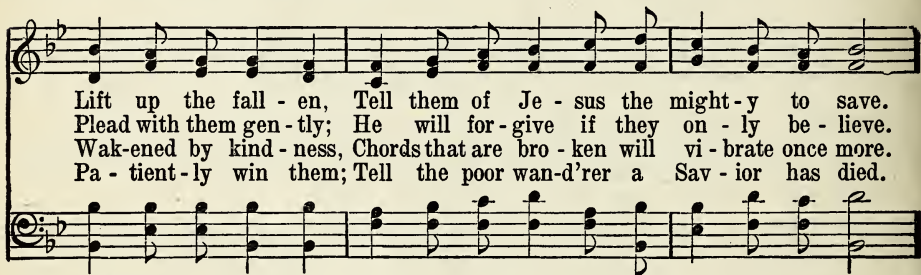
W. H. Doane. By per.



1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in
 2. Though they are slight - ing Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy

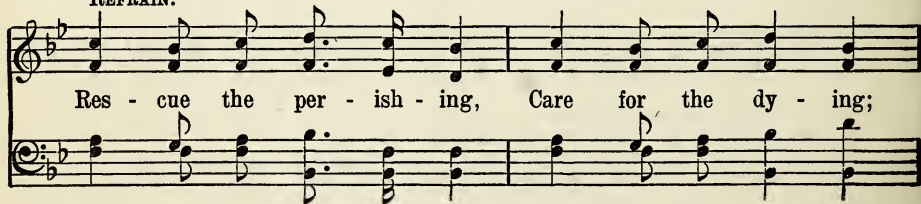


pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones,
 pen - i - tent child to re - ceive. Plead with them ear - nest - ly,
 bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart,
 la - bor the Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way

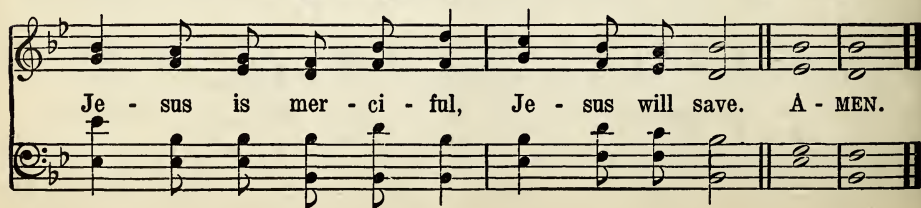


Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
 Plead with them gen - tly; He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
 Wak - ened by kind - ness, Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
 Pa - tient - ly win them; Tell the poor wan - d'r'er a Sav - ior has died.

REFRAIN.



Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing;



Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A - MEN.

19 I Am So Glad That Our Father in Heaven

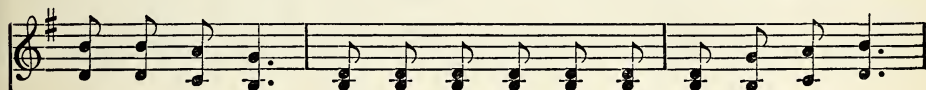
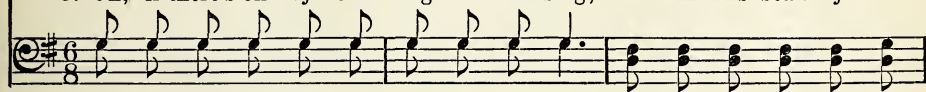
P. P. B.

(JESUS LOVES ME.)

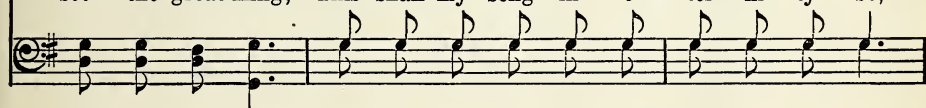
P. P. Bliss.



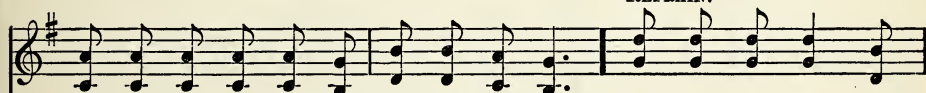
1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Kind - ly He fol - lows wher -
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I



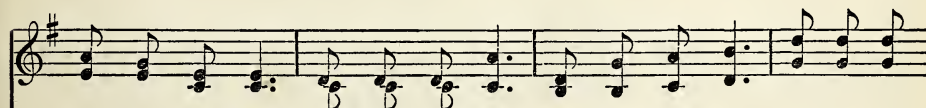
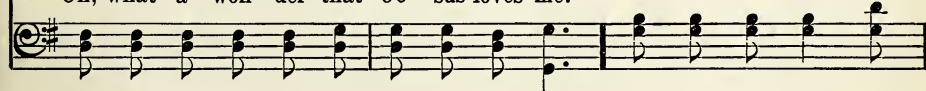
Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see,
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be,



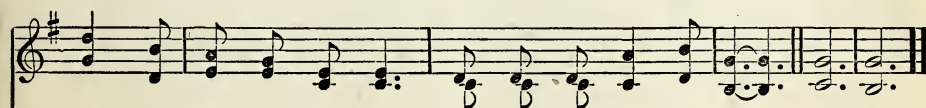
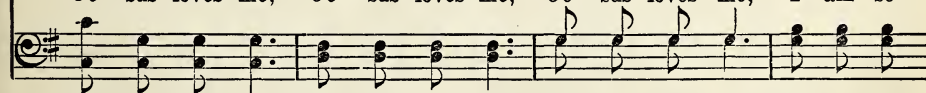
REFRAIN.



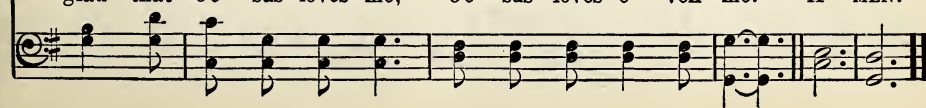
This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me.



Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; I am so

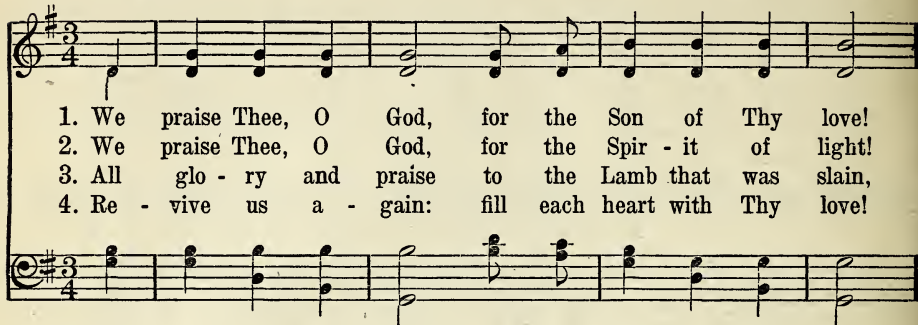


glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me. A - MEN.

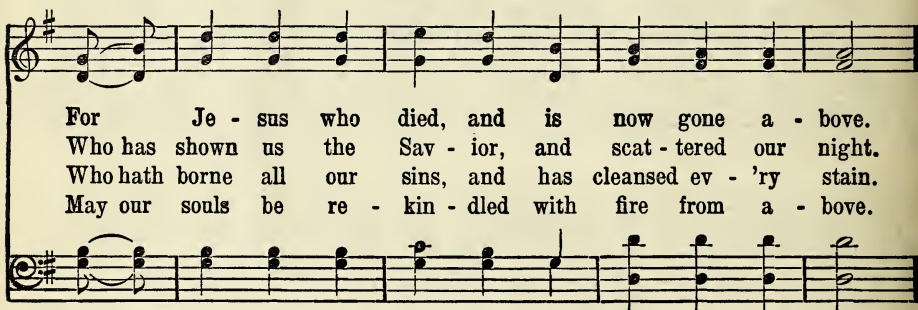


W. P. Mackay, 1863.

J. J. Husband, 1798—

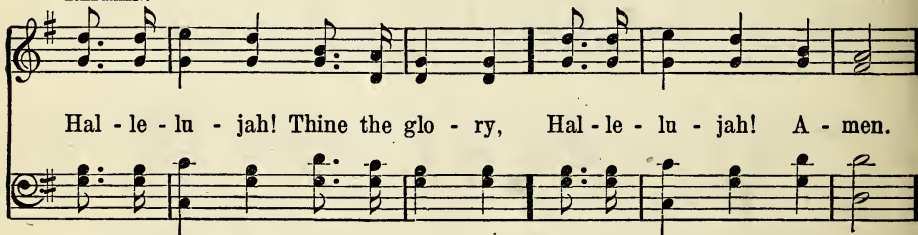


1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love!
 2. We praise Thee, O God, for the Spir - it of light!
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 4. Re - vive us a - gain: fill each heart with Thy love!

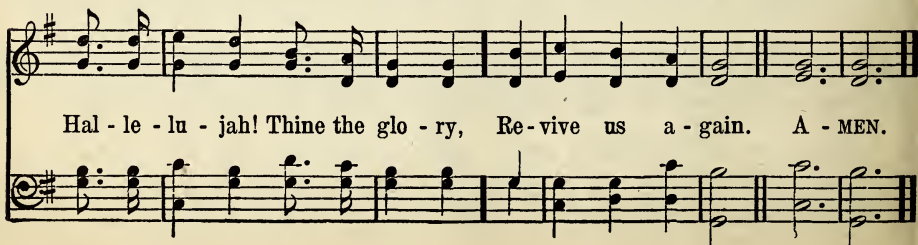


For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us the Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night.
 Who hath borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 May our souls be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.



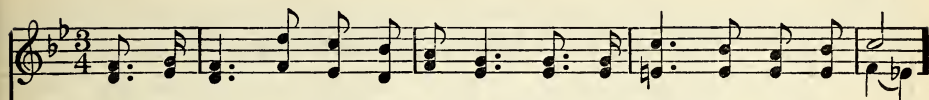
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain. A - MEN.

21 Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy

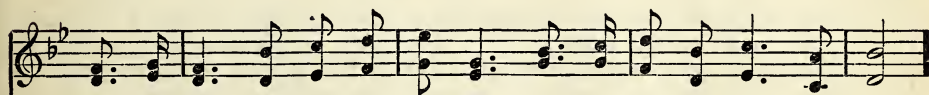
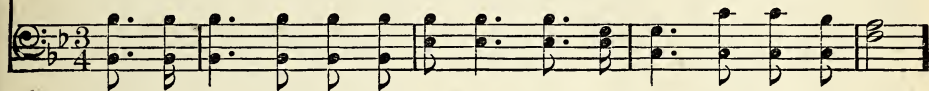
(LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.)

P. P. B.

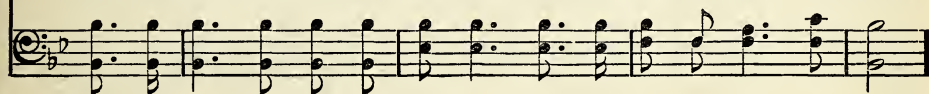
P. P. Bliss.



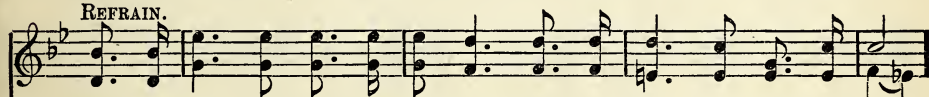
1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem - pest-tossed,



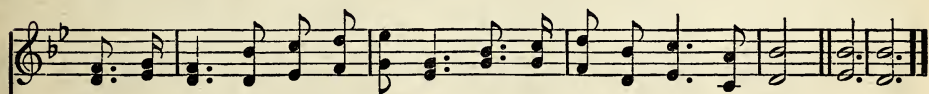
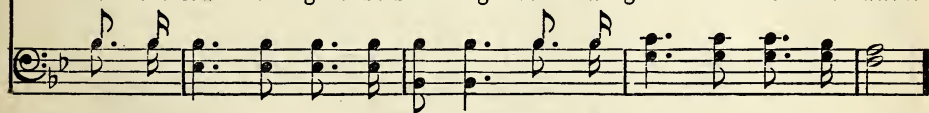
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.



REFRAIN.



Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!



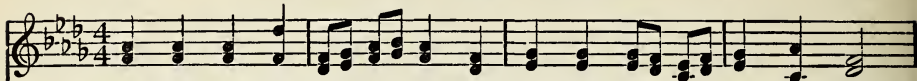
Some poor faint-ing, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save. A - MEN.



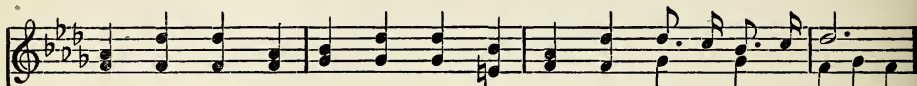
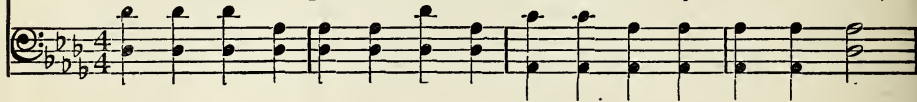
E. E. Hewitt.

(WHEN WE ALL GET TO HEAVEN.)

Mrs. J. G. Wilson.



1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace:
2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;



In the man-sions bright and bless - ed He'll pre - pare for us a place.
 But when trav-'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
 Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re-pay.
 Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.

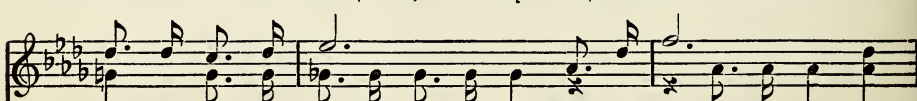
1. for us a place.



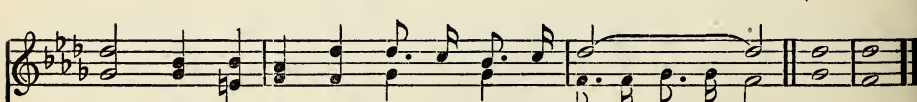
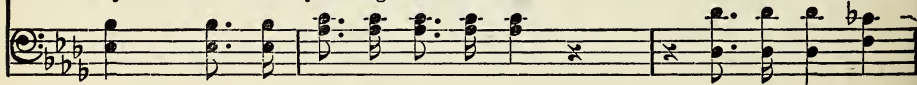
REFRAIN.



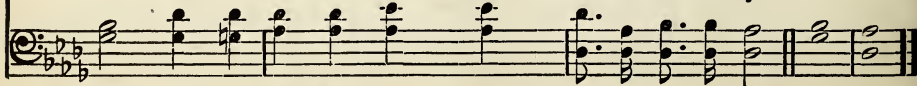
When we all When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
 What a



joic - ing that will be! When we all see
 day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all



Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry. A - MEN.
 and shout the vic - to - ry.

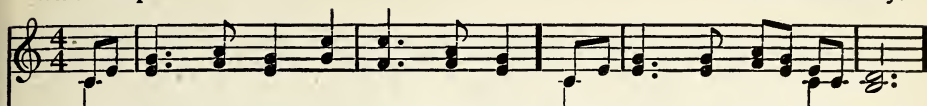


23 There is a Fountain Filled With Blood

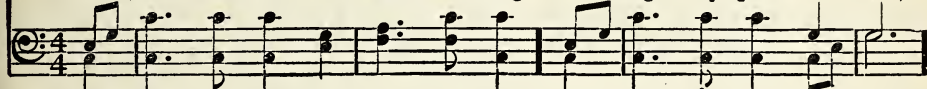
Wm. Cowper.

C. M.

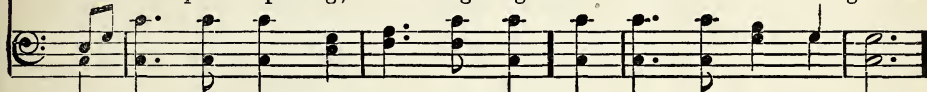
Western Melody.



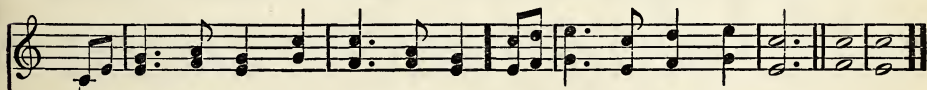
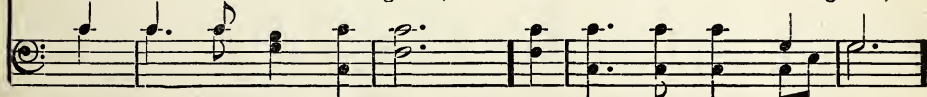
1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then, in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



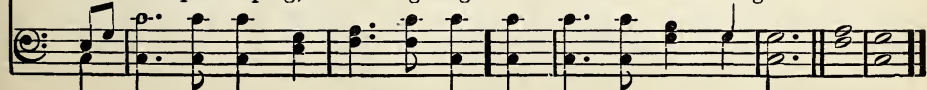
And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ran - somed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.



Lose all their guilt - y stains, . . . Lose all their guilt - y stains;
 Wash all my sins a - way, . . . Wash all my sins a - way;
 Be saved to sin no more, . . . Be saved to sin no more;
 And shall be till I die, . . . And shall be till I die;
 Lies si - lent in the grave, . . . Lies si - lent in the grave;



And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ran - somed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave. A - MEN.



E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me; He ev - er
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus and He will help me O - ver the

REFRAIN.

loves and cares for His own.
 troub - les quick - ly an end.
 cares and sor - rows will share.
 world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,

I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus,

I must tell Je - sus, Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone. A - MEN.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent cleansing in the
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal - ly by
 5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment to the

prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high - est, I will shout and sing,
 fear as - sail; By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,
 love's strong cord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
 Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,

REFRAIN.

Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, Stand - - ing,
 Stand-ing on the promise, Stand-ing on the prom-ise,

Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - - ing,
 Stand-ing on the prom-ise,

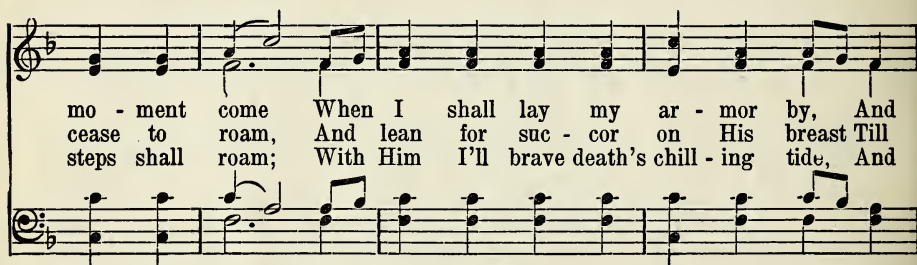
Stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God. A - MEN.
 Stand-ing on the prom-ise,

Elizabeth Mills.

William Miller.

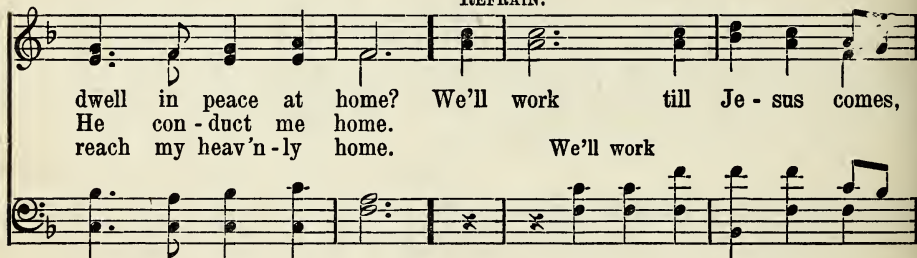


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the
 2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me
 3. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my

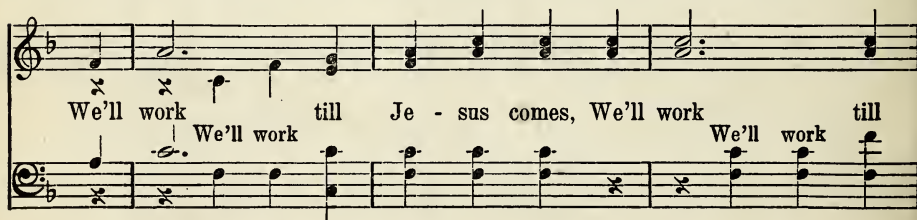


mo - ment come When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And
 cease to roam, And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till
 steps shall roam; With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide, And

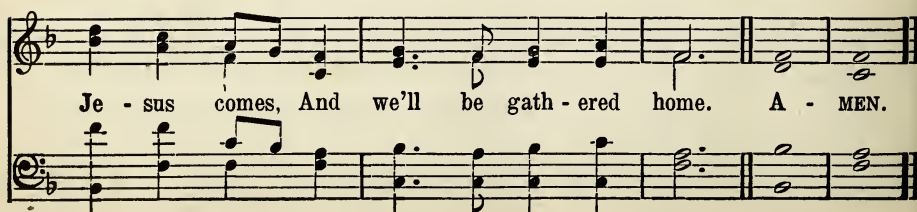
REFRAIN.



dwel in peace at home? We'll work till Je - sus comes,
 He con - duct me home.
 reach my heav'n - ly home. We'll work



We'll work We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work We'll work till



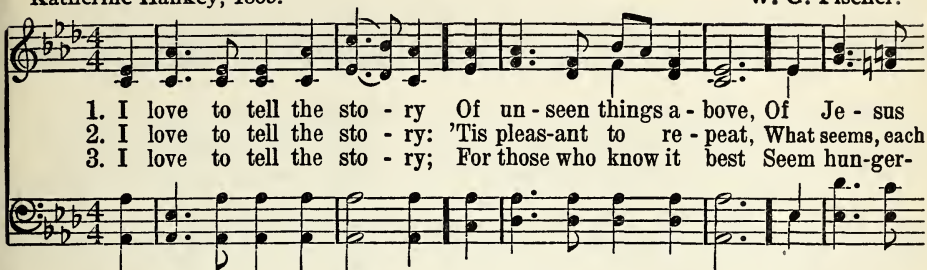
Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home. A - MEN.

I Love to Tell the Story

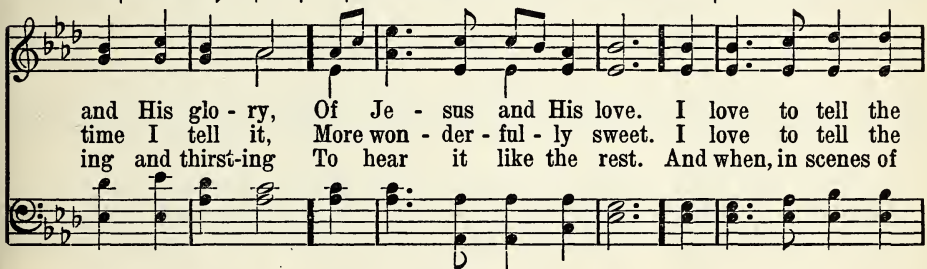
(I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s, 6s. D.)

Katherine Hankey, 1865.

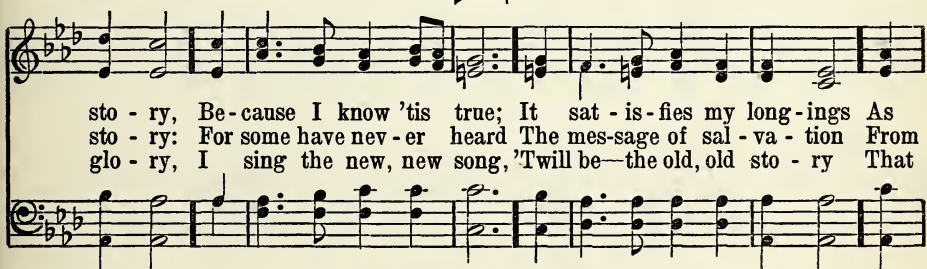
W. G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat, What seems, each
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -



and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

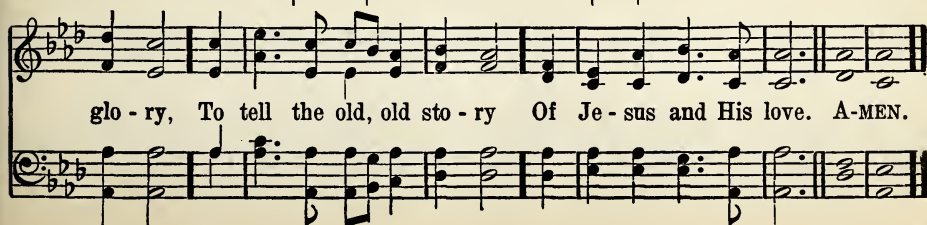


sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As
sto - ry: For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be - the old, old sto - ry That

REFRAIN.



noth - ing else can do.
God's own ho - ly word. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Twill be my theme in
I have loved so long!



glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.

Go By the Way of the Cross

James Rowe.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. If you would find the bet - ter land, If you would reach the gold - en strand,
 2. If you would reach the cit - y gate, Where man - y dear ones watch and wait,
 3. If you would live in that glad place, Where shall be crowned the saved by grace,

rit.
 There to a-bide with heav-en's throng, Sing - ing the ev - er - last - ing song,—
 Look - ing for you with eyes of love, Wait - ing to hear from you a - bove,—
 If you would rest for - ev - er there, Hap - py and al - ways free from care,—

CHORUS.

Go by the way of the cross, Go by the way of the cross,
 go, go go, go go, go,

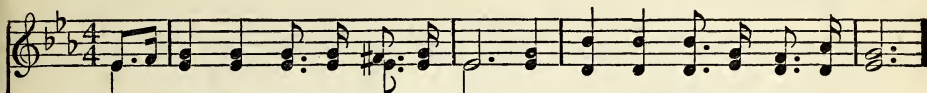
Go by the way of the cross, And you'll reach home. A-MEN.
 go, go

O Why Not To-night?

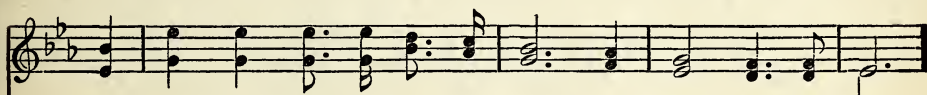
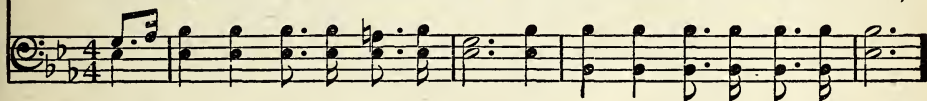
Elizabeth Reed.

(8s, 5.)

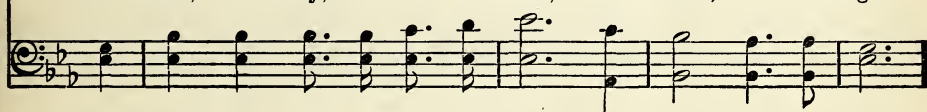
J. Calvin Bushey.



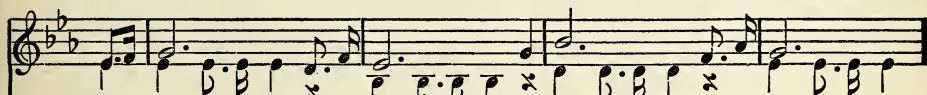
1. O do not let the world de-part, And close thine eyes a-against the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;



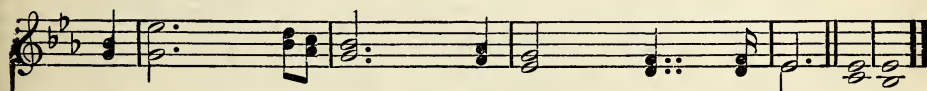
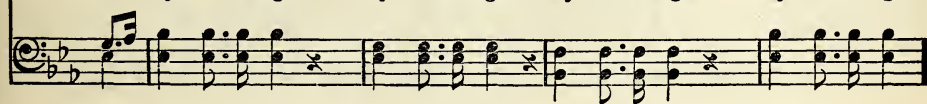
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
 Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.



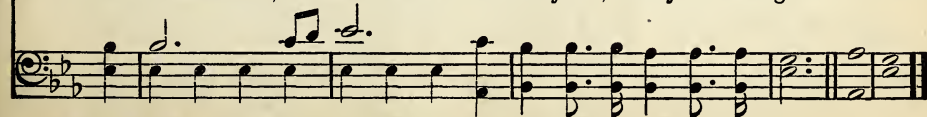
REFRAIN.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?



Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night? A-MEN.
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?



Sabine Baring-Gould.

(GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D.)

A. S. Sullivan, 1872.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March - ing as to war, With the cross of
 2. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King - doms rise and wane, But the Church of
 3. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voi - ces In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
 Un - to Christ the King; This thro' count - less a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

REFRAIN.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,

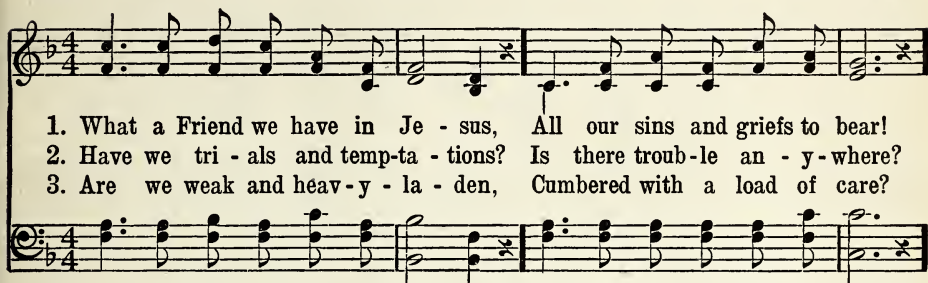
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

31 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

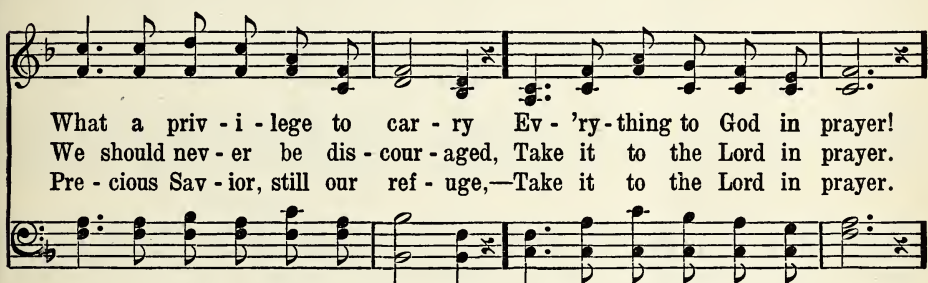
Joseph Scriven, 1855.

(WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.)

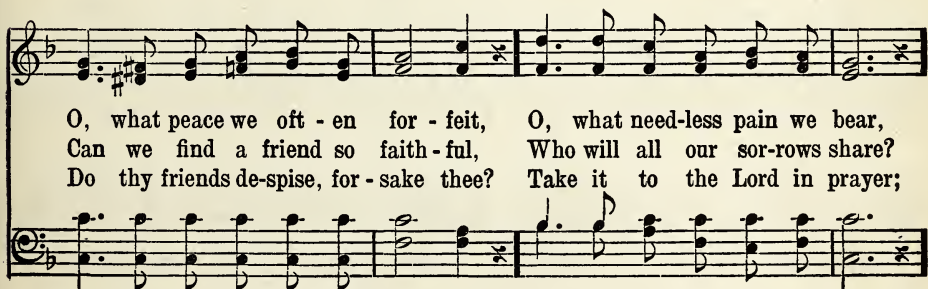
C. C. Converse.



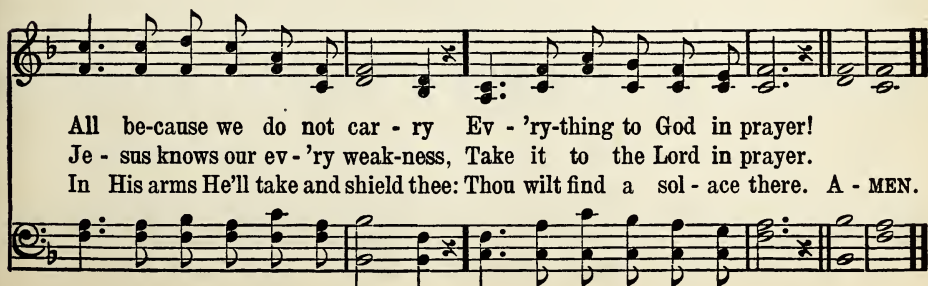
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.



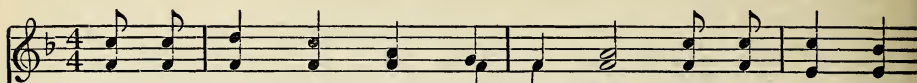
O, what peace we oft - en for - feit, O, what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



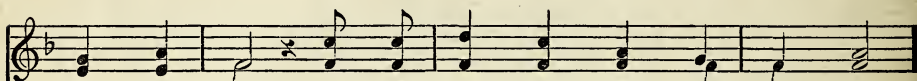
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee: Thou wilt find a sol - ace there. A - MEN.

C. D. T.

Charlie D. Tillman.

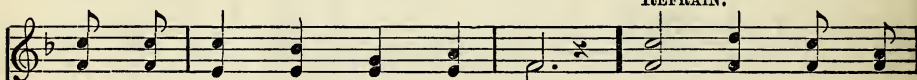


1. They were in an up - per cham - ber, They were all with
 2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de - scend - ed With the sound of
 3. Yes, the "old time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers

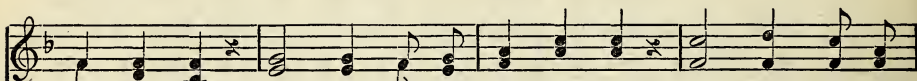


one ac - cord, When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend - ed,
 rush - ing wind; Tongues of fire came down up - on them,
 who were true; This is prom - ised to be - liev - ers,

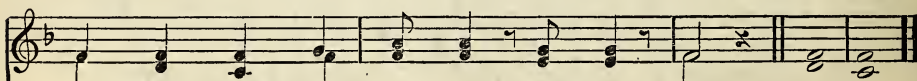
REFRAIN.



As was prom - ised by our Lord.
 As the Lord said He would send. O Lord, send the
 And we all may have it, too.



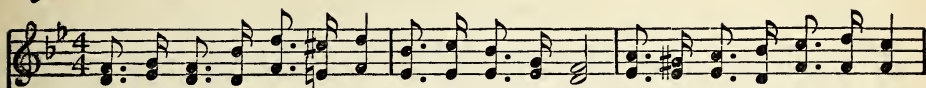
pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the



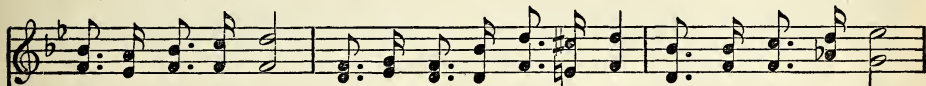
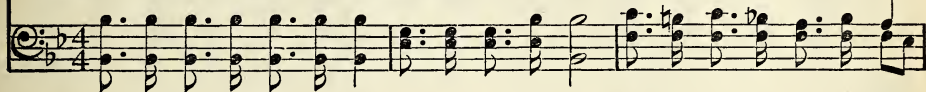
pow'r just now; And bap - tize ev - 'ry one. A - MEN.

James Rowe.

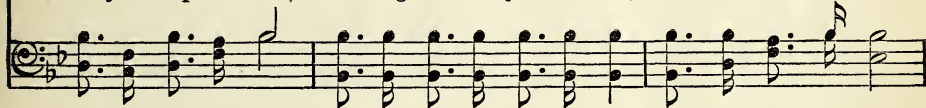
Hamp Sewell.



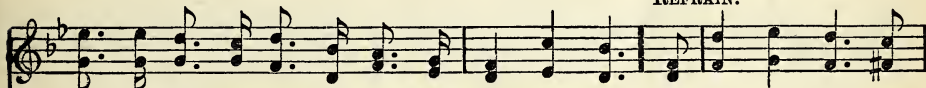
1. In the aw-ful sea of sin I was sinking fast; There were many stains within
2. On the peaceful shore to-day Praises glad I sing; Sin-ful days have passed away,
3. Soul adrift, the waves roll high, Breakers are a-head; To the bless-ed Sav-ior cry,



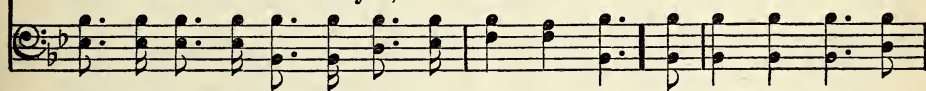
From my sin-ful past; But I looked to Him a-bove, Made a dy-ing plea,
 To the Lord I cling; In His ho-ly light I dwell, Pure and sweet and free,
 Ere your hope is dead; Nothing bet-ter you can do, Saved from death to be;



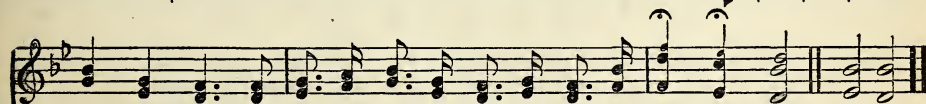
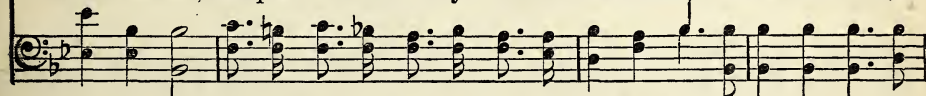
REFRAIN.



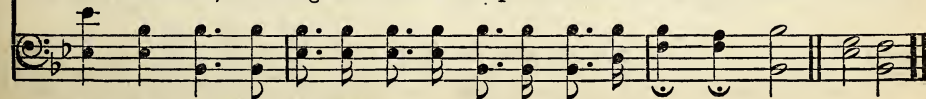
And His might-y hand of love Reached down for me.
 While to all the world I tell How He raised me. The Lord raised me, the
 He a-lone can res-cue you, For He raised me.



Lord raised me, Whispered comfort to my soul and made me free; The Lord raised me, the



Lord raised me; When light had fled and hope was dead The Lord raised me. A-MEN.



J. H. S.

(STOCKTON. 8s, 6s.)

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

REFRAIN.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
 Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now;
 Don't re - ject Him, don't re - ject Him, Don't re - ject Him now;
 I will trust Him, I will trust Him, I will trust Him now;

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now. A - MEN.

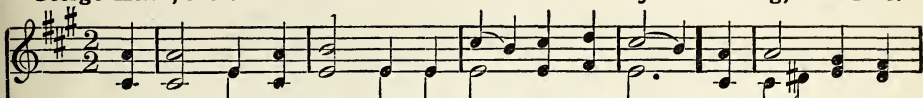
How Firm a Foundation

(PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.)

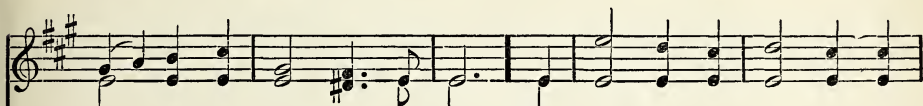
These words can be sung to the tune "Foundation" from memory.

George Keith, 1787.

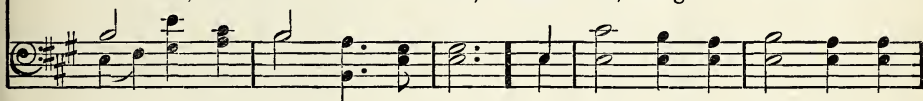
John Reading, 1690-1776.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! I, I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I



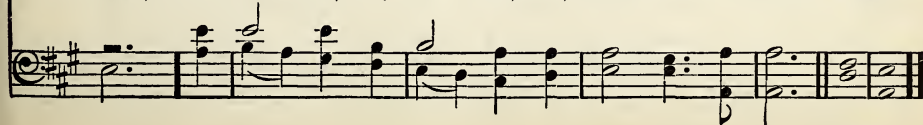
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
 will not, de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-



you He hath said, To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip-o-tent
 troub-les to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-



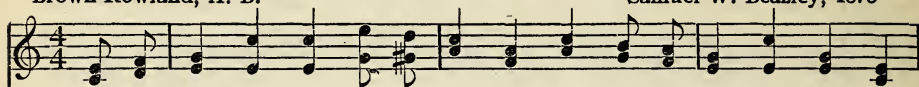
fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand!
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 sake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake." A-MEN.



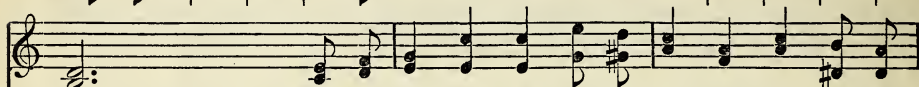
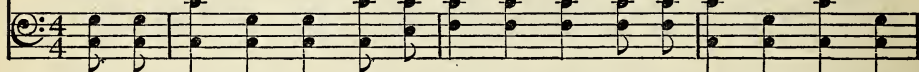
Take the Home-Path

Brown Rowland, A. B.

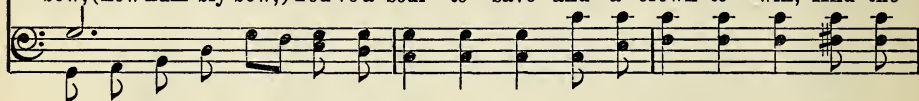
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



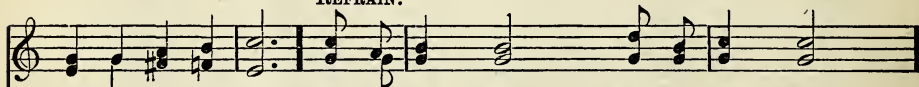
1. You have wan-dered far on the des-ert lone, And you face an aw-ful
 2. You have been al-lured from the peace-ful way By your soul's re-lent-less
 3. While the chance is yours turn your back to sin, Seek-ing par-don, hum-bly



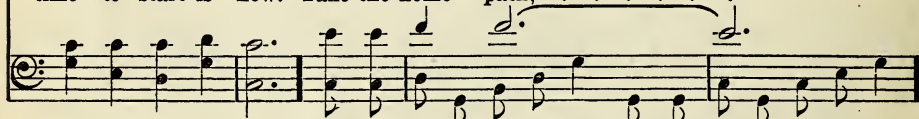
fate, (an aw-ful fate,) For a storm is near and the night comes on—Take the
 foe; (re-lent-less foe;) Let the Sav-ior true take your hand to-day, For He
 bow; (now hum-bly bow;) You've a soul to save and a crown to win, And the



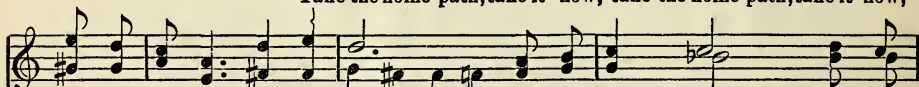
REFRAIN.



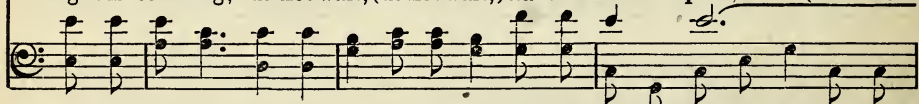
home-path ere too late. Take the home-path, take the home-path,
 knows the way to go.
 time to start is now. Take the home-path,



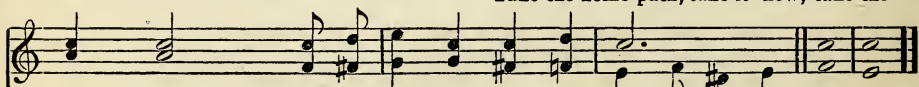
Take the home-path, take it now, take the home-path, take it now,



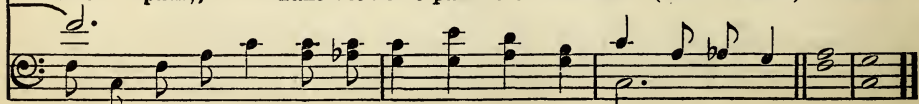
Night is com-ing, do not wait; (do not wait;) Take the home-path, (take the



Take the home-path, take it now, take the



home-path,) Take the home-path ere too late. (ere too late.) A-MEN.

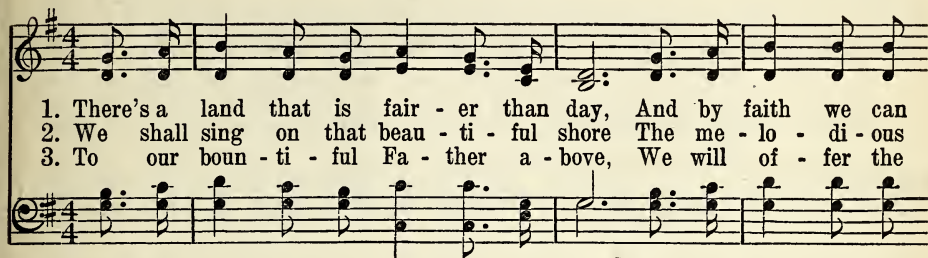


37 There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day

S. F. Bennett.

(SWEET BY AND BY.)

J. P. Webster.

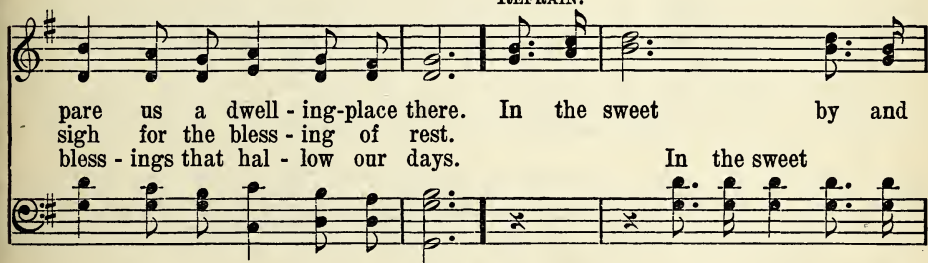


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the

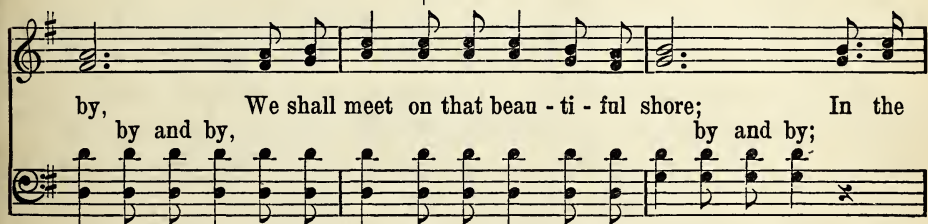


see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

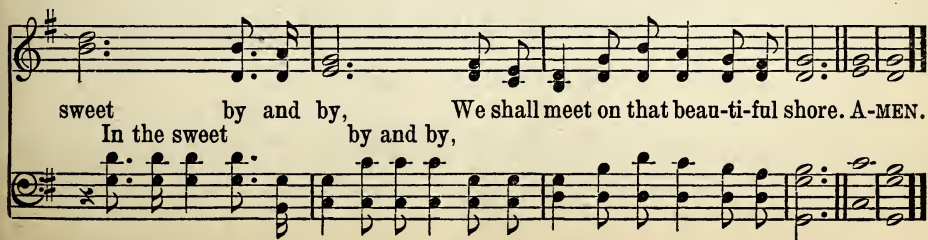
REFRAIN.



pare us a dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet



by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by;

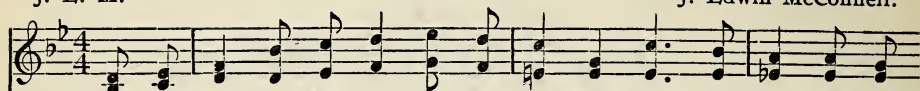


sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. A - MEN.
 In the sweet by and by,

"Whosoever" Meaneth Me

J. E. M.

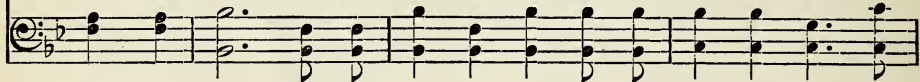
J. Edwin McConnell.



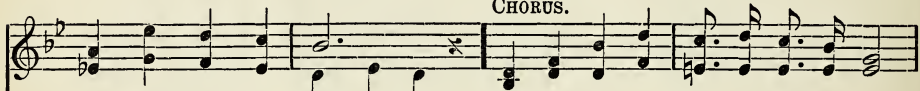
1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been
2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has
3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should



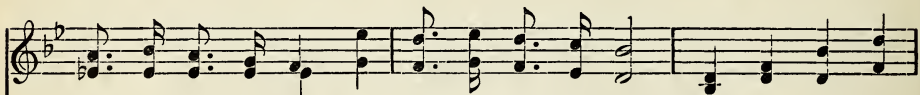
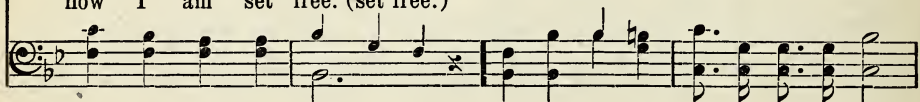
rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said Who - so - ev - er will, May
 filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His
 die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But



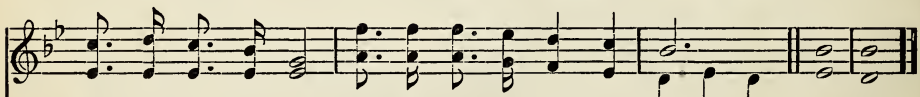
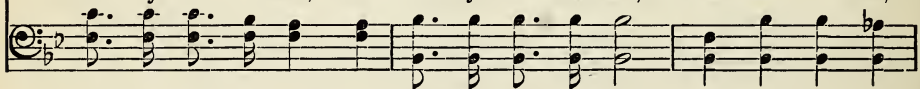
CHORUS.



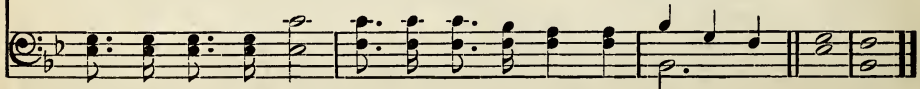
come with Him to stay. (to stay.)
 blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) "Who - so - ev - er," sure - ly mean - eth me,
 now I am set free. (set free.)



Sure - ly mean - eth me, O sure - ly mean - eth me; "Who - so - ev - er,"



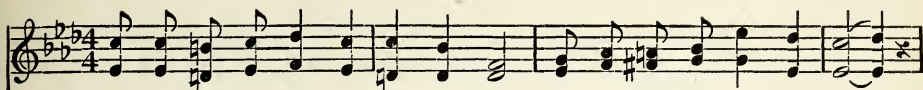
sure - ly mean - eth me, "Who - so - ev - er," mean - eth me. A - MEN.
 mean - eth me.



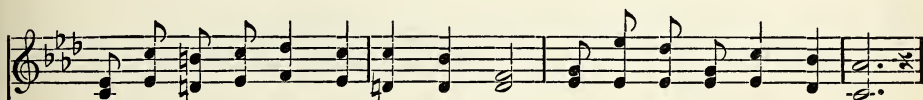
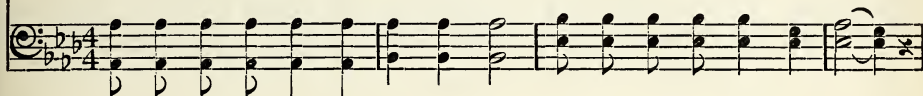
He Keeps Me Singing

L. B. B.

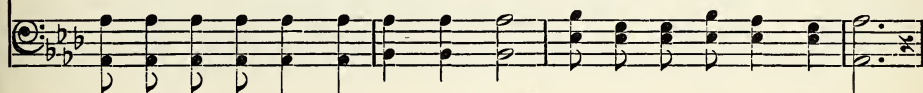
L. B. Bridgers



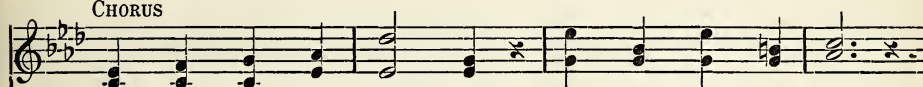
1. There's with-in my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Rest-ing 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' some-times He leads thro' wa - ters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel - come me Far be-yond the star - ry sky;



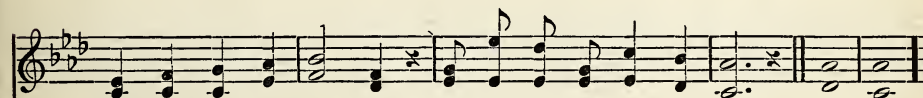
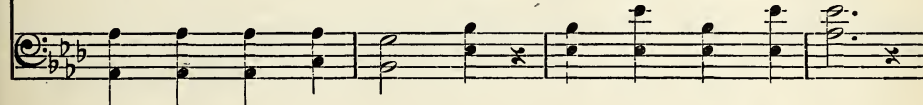
"Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still," In all of life's ebb and flow.
 Je - sus swept a - cross the bro - ken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords a - gain.
 Al - ways look - ing on His smil - ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
 Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His foot - prints all the way.
 I shall wing my flight to worlds un - known, I shall reign with Him on high.



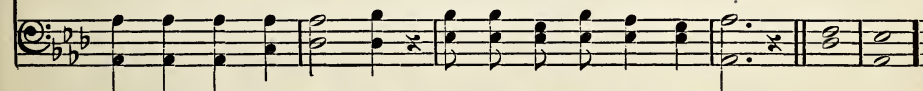
CHORUS



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus, — Sweet - est name I know,

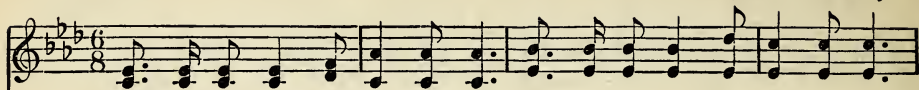


Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing - ing as I go. A - MEN.

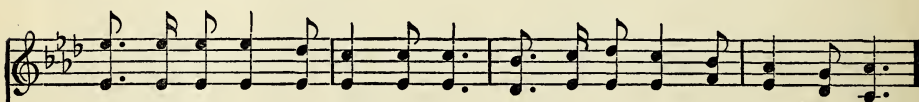
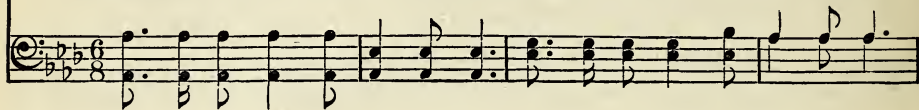


E. E. Hewitt.

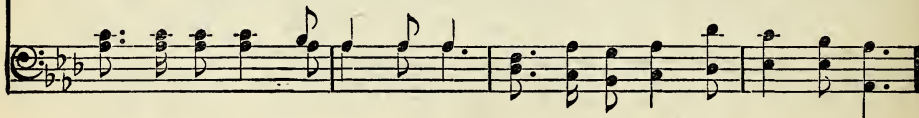
Jno. R. Sweney.



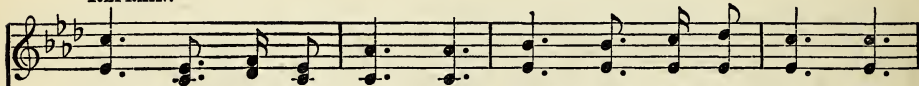
1. More a - bout Je - sus I would know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold - ing com - mun - ion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;



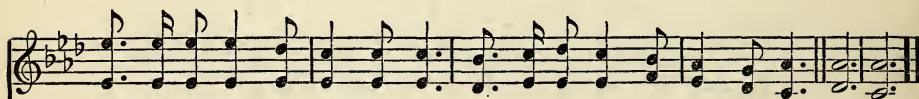
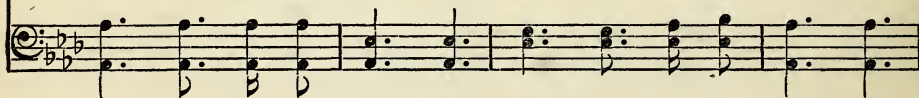
More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure in - crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.



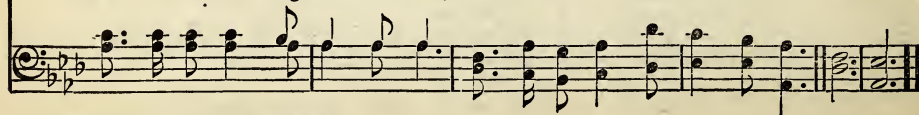
REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me. A - MEN.

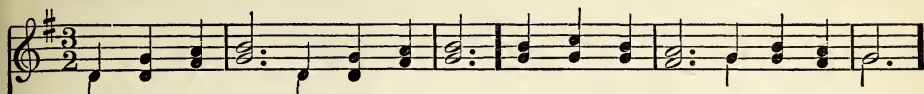


41 O, Happy Day, That Fixed My Choice

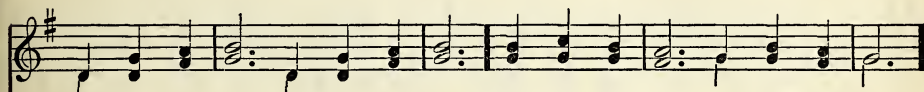
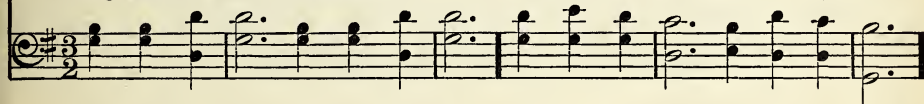
Philip Doddridge, 1755.

(HAPPY DAY. L. M.)

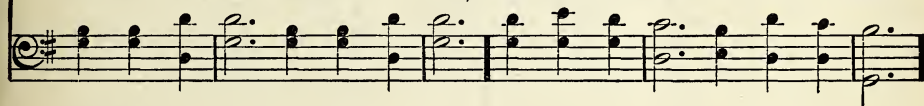
E. F. Rimbault, 1816-1876.



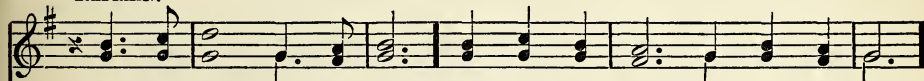
1. O, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
2. 'Tis done, - the great trans - ac - tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
3. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest;
4. High heav'n that hears the sol - emn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly hear;



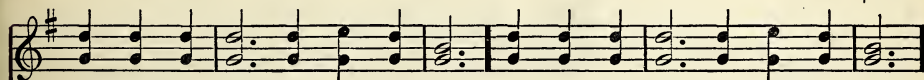
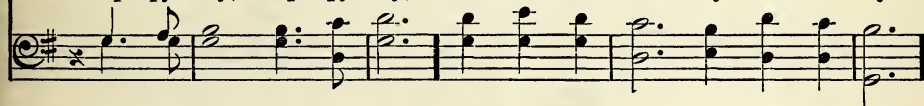
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Re - joiced to own the call di - vine.
Here have I found a no - bler part, Here heav'nly pleas - ures fill my breast.
Till in life's la - test hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.



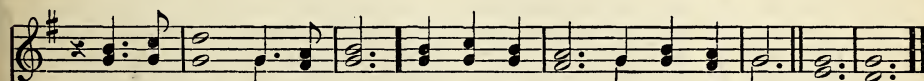
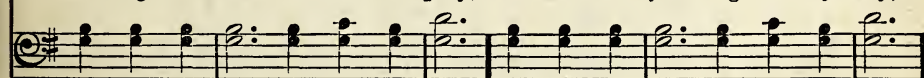
REFRAIN.



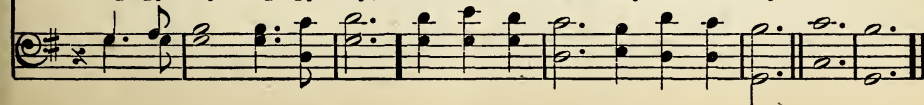
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way! A - MEN.



Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me

[First Tune]

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

(TOPLADY. 7s.) Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1784-1873.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I rise to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne, —

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Vile, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

Just As I Am

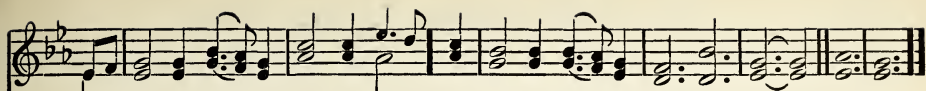
[First Tune]

Charlotte Elliott.

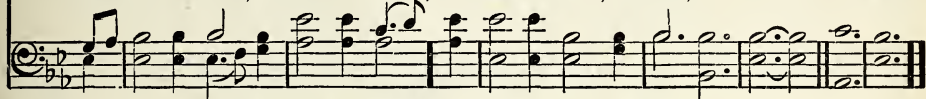
(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

W. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt —
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, — Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, relieve;
 6. Just as I am, Thy love I own Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;



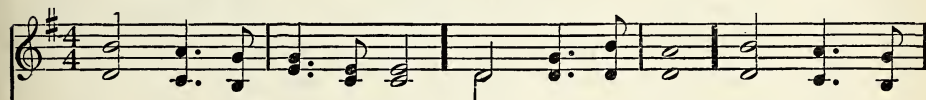
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 "Fightings within, and fears with-out," O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Now to be Thine, and Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - MEN.



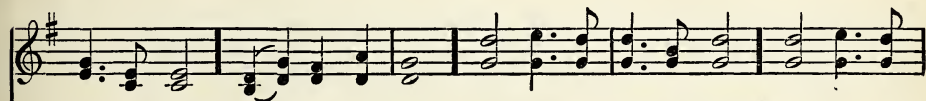
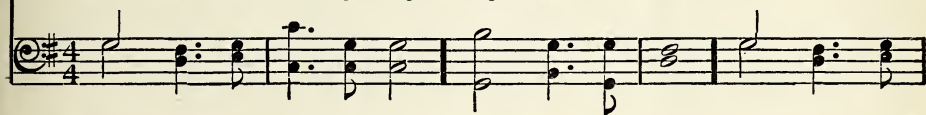
44 Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams, 1841.

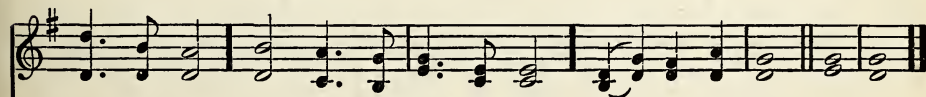
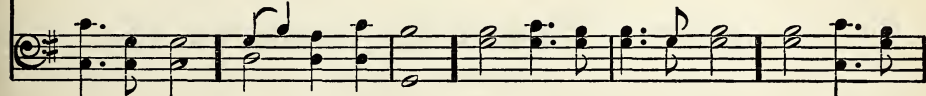
(BETHANY. 6s, 4s.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



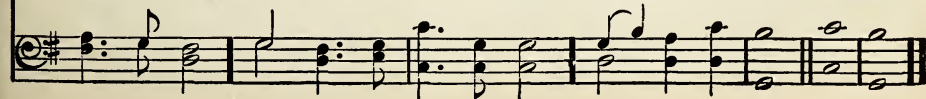
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak-ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my



be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
 o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my
 send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck-on me Near-er, my
 sto - ny griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my



God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.



Ray Palmer, 1830.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 tress re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul. A - MEN.

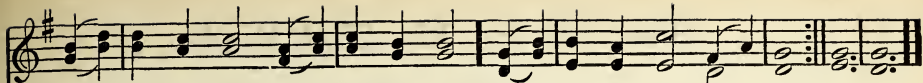
C. Wesley.

(I DO BELIEVE. C. M.)

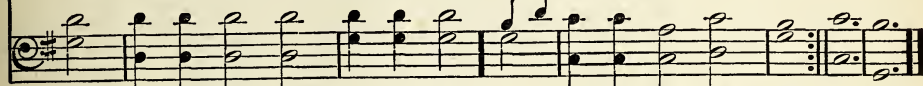
Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
 3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
 4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve. That Je - sus died for me;



If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.



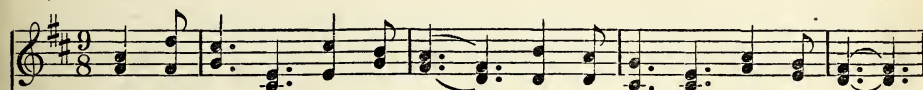
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free. A-MEN.

47

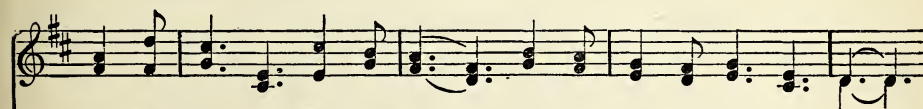
Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

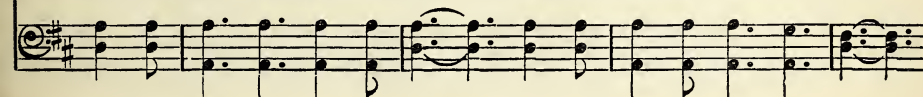
C. C. Case.



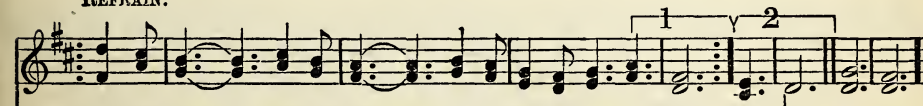
1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;



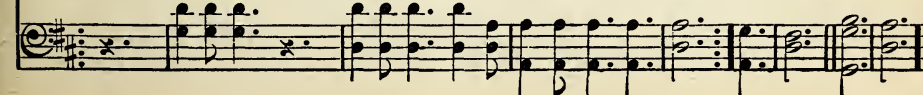
While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



REFRAIN.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now? A - MEN.
Why not now? why not now?



John Fawcett, 1782.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

H. G. Nageli, 1768-1836.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

49 Down At the Cross Where My Savior Died

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

(GLORY TO HIS NAME.)

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

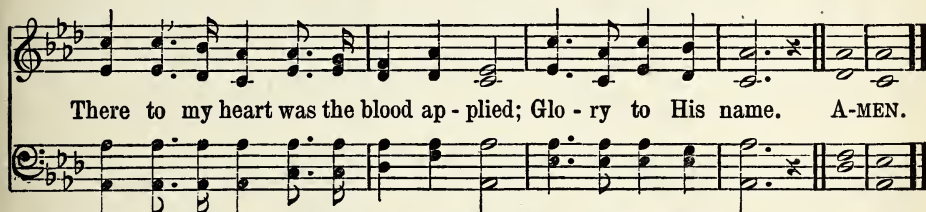
1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans - ing from
 2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
 3. Oh, pre - cious foun - tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this foun - tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His name.
 bides with - in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His name.
 en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name.
 Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His name.

REFRAIN.



Glo - ry to His name, . . Glo - ry to His name; . .



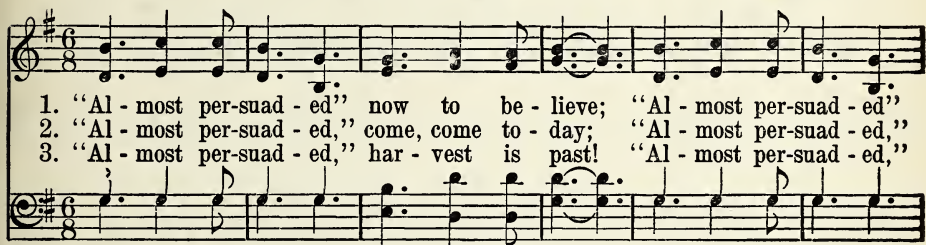
There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His name. A-MEN.

50 "Almost Persuaded" Now to Believe

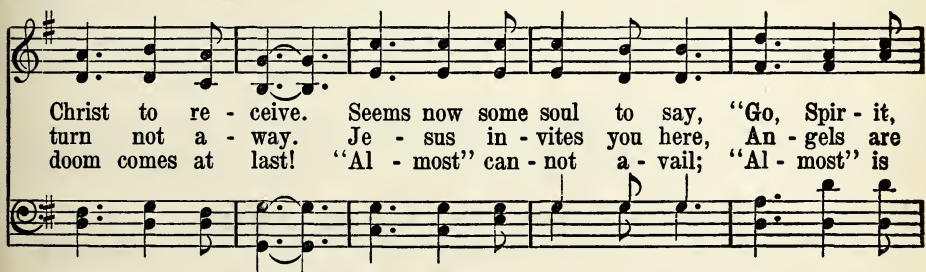
P. P. Bliss, 1852.

(ALMOST PERSUADED. P. M.)

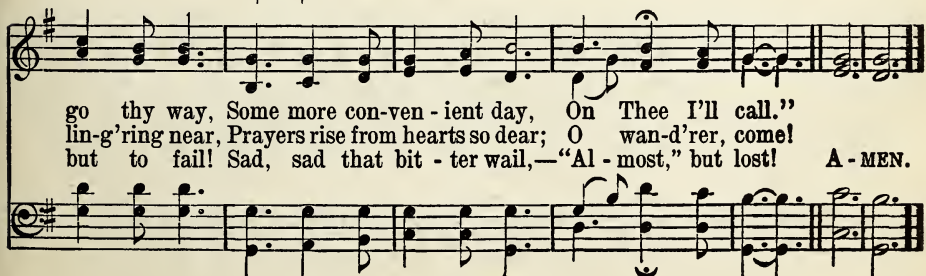
P. P. Bliss, 1838-1877.



1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
 2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
 3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"



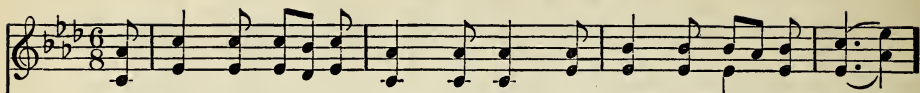
Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way. Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is



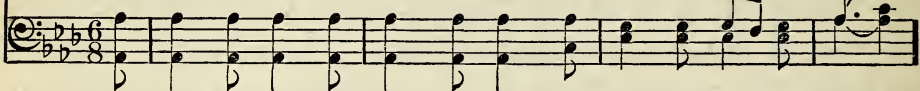
go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day, On Thee I'll call."
 lin - g'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer, come!
 but to fail! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail,—"Al - most," but lost! A - MEN.

Oh, How I Love Jesus

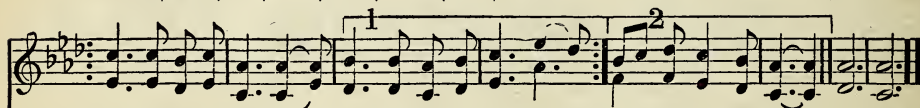
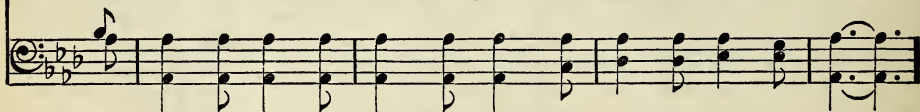
(8s, 6s.)



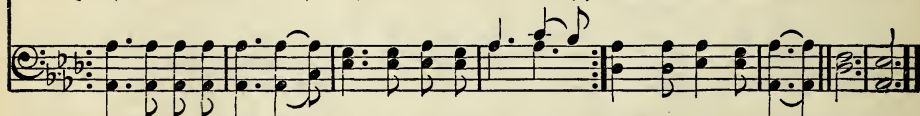
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Sav - ior's love, Who died to set me free;
 3. It tells me what my Fa - ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day,
 4. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,



It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
 It tells me of His pre - cious blood; The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
 And though I tread a dark - some path, Yields sun - shine all the way.
 Who in each sor - row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.



{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, }
 { Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- (Omit) } cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

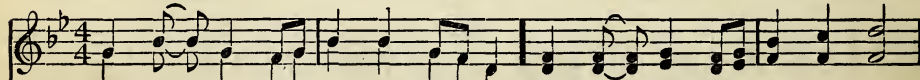


52 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus

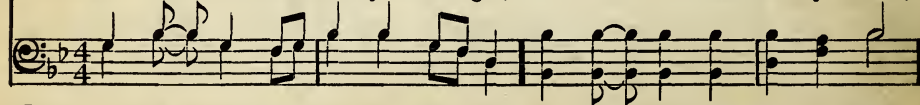
J. Hart, 1712-1768.

(8s, 7s.)

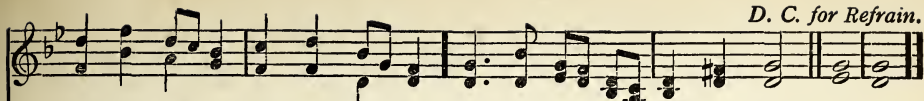
Traditional.



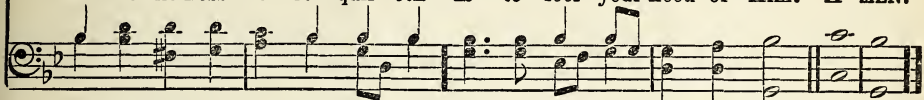
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
 2. Come, ye thirst - y, come, and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
 3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
 4. Let not con - science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;



REF.—I will a - rise and go to Je - sus. He will em - brace me in His arms;



Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
 True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
 All the fit-ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him. A - MEN.



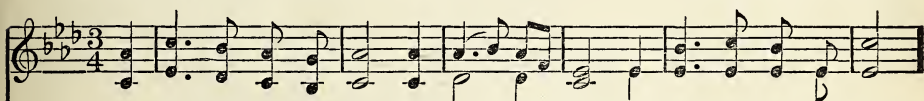
In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thou-sand charms.

53 I Need Thee Every Hour

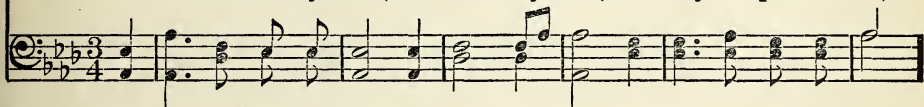
(NEED. 6, 4, 6, 4. With Refrain.)

Annie S. Hawkes, 1872.

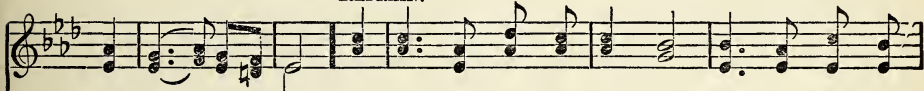
Robert Lowry, 1872.



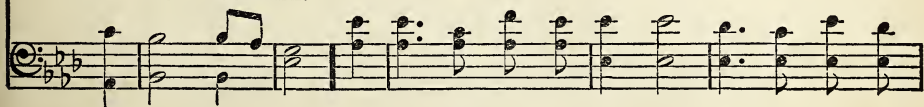
1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a - bide,
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom - is - es,



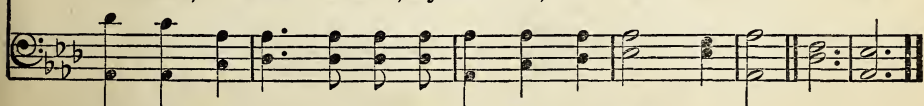
REFRAIN.



Can peace af - ford.
 When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I
 Or life is vain.
 In me ful - fill.



need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee. A - MEN.

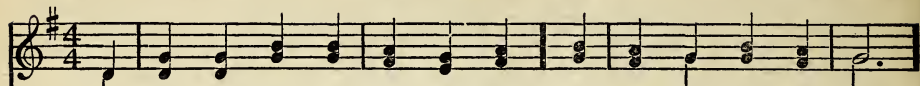


[Second Tune]

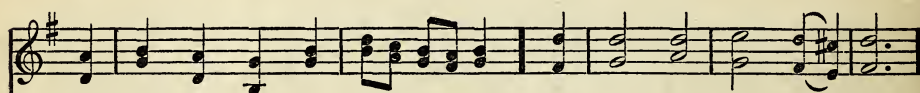
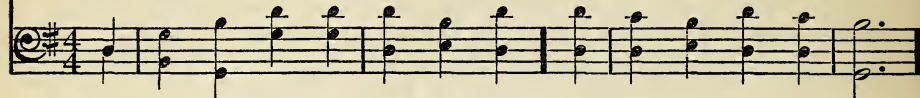
Edward Perronet, 1779.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

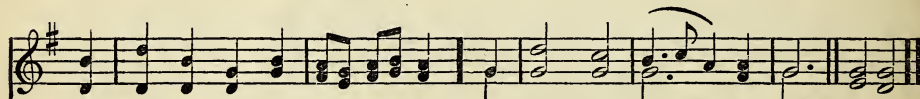
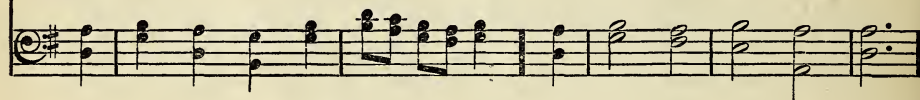
Oliver Holden, 1793.



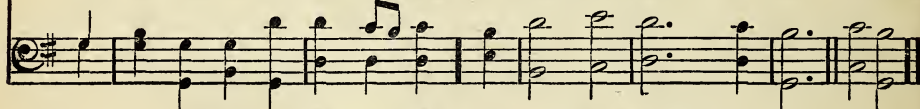
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



- Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Join in the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!



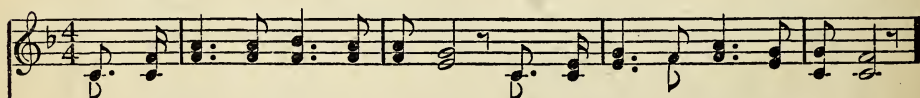
- Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Join in the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.



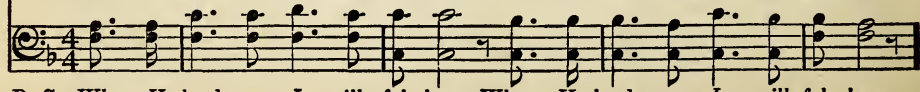
55 I Can Hear My Savior Calling

E. W. Blandly.

J. S. Norris.

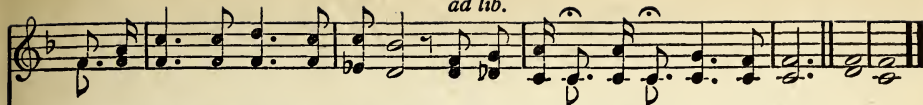


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

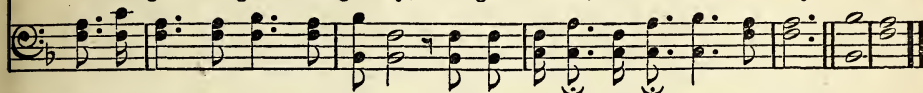


D. C.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

ad lib.



I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.

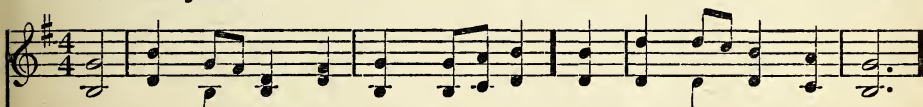


Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him, all the way.

56 Come, Humble Sinner

Rev. Edmund Jones.

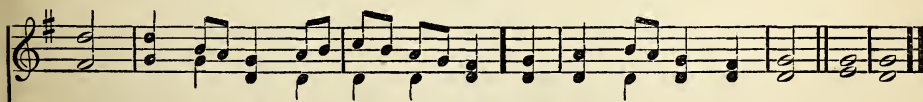
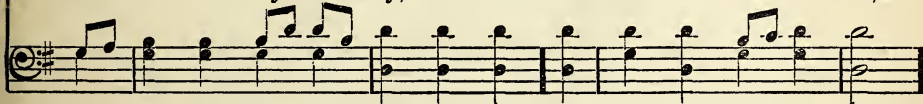
Traditional



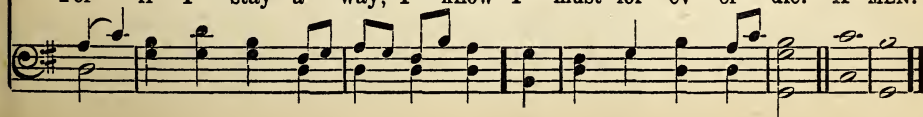
1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand tho'ts re - volve,
2. I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose;
3. Per - haps He may ad - mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my prayer;
4. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re - solved to try;



Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re - solve;
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose;
But, if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there;
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die;



Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re - solve.
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.
But, if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die. A - MEN.

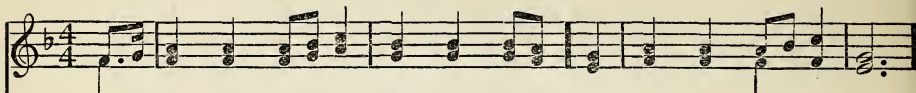


On Jordan's Stormy Banks

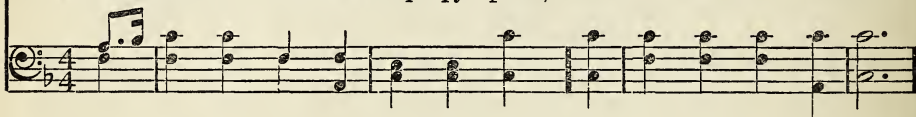
Samuel Stennett.

[First Tune]

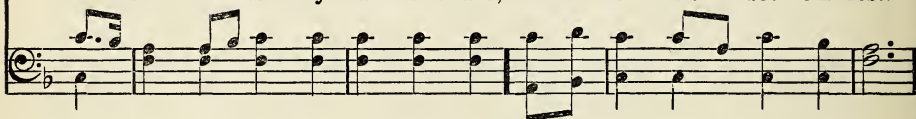
Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



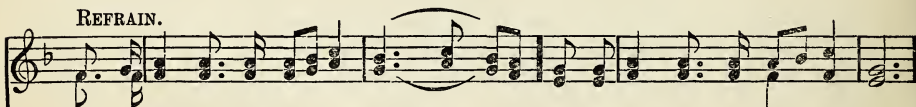
1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois-nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?



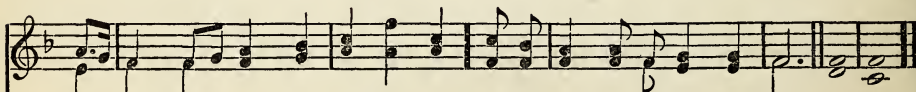
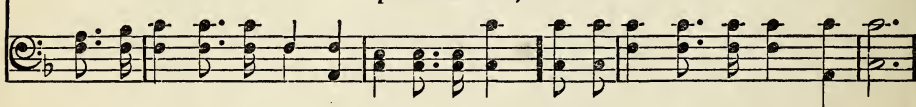
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?



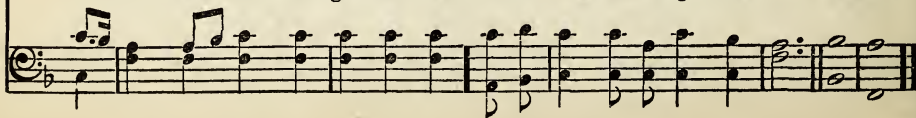
REFRAIN.



I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the prom-ised land;
 prom-ised land,



O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land. A-MEN.

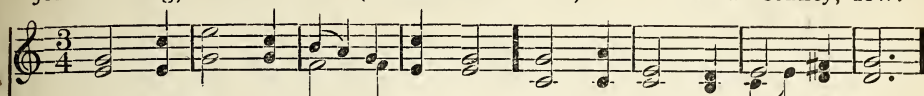


58 In the Cross of Christ I Glory

John Bowring, 1825.

(RATHBUN. 8. 7. 8. 7.)

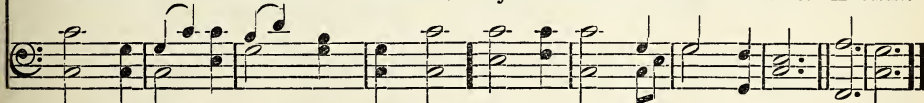
Ithamar Conkey, 1847.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;



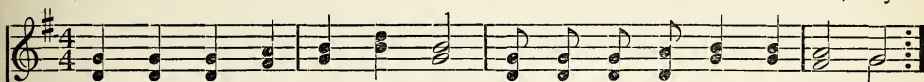
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sublime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra-diance stream-ing Adds new lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure. Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.



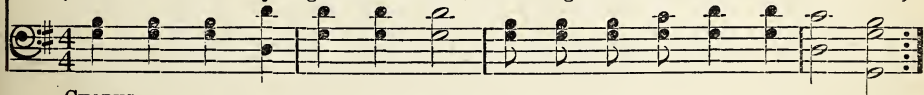
59 Nothing But the Blood of Jesus

R. L.

Rev. Robert Lowry.



1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }
2. { What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. }
3. { For my par - don this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }
4. { For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. }
5. { Noth-ing can for sin a - tone, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }
6. { Naught of good that I have done, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. }
7. { This is all my hope and peace, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }
8. { This is all my right-eous - ness, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. }

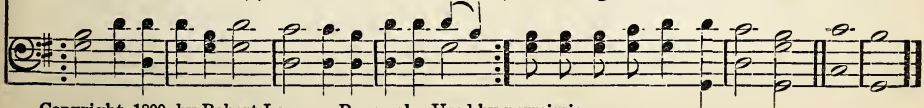


CHORUS.



{ Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; }

{ No oth-er fount I know, (Omit.) } Nothing but the blood of Jesus. A - MEN.



When They Ring the Golden Bells

Dion De Marbelle.

1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
 2. We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
 3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweet-ly slumber, When the

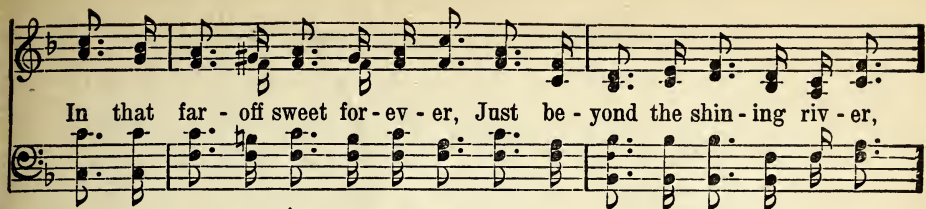
on-ly reach that shore by faith's de-cree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
 barque shall sail beyond the crys-tal sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
 King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall

dwell with the im-mor-tals When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
 Fa-ther's sweet ca-ress-ing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
 reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

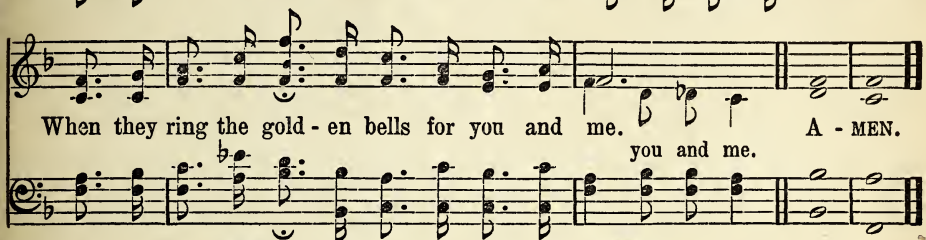
REFRAIN.

Don't you hear the bells now ring-ing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing?

'Tis the glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee (Ju-bi-lee)



In that far - off sweet for - ev - er, Just be - yond the shin - ing riv - er,



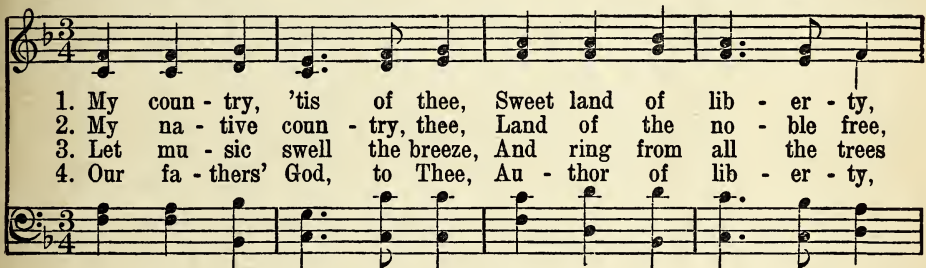
When they ring the gold - en bells for you and me. A - MEN.
you and me.

61 My Country, 'Tis of Thee

(AMERICA. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.)

Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

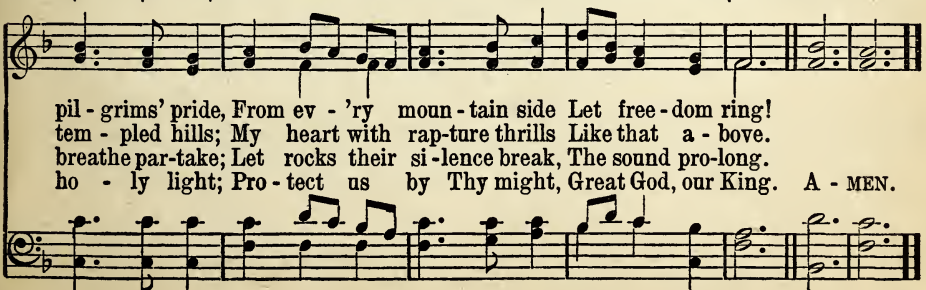
Henry Carey, 1740.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's



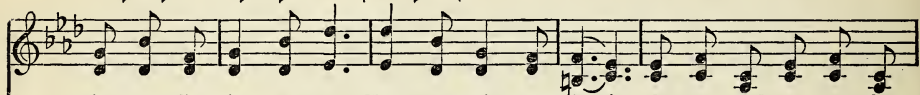
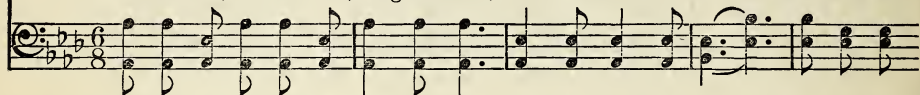
pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King. A - MEN.

Eben E. Rexford.

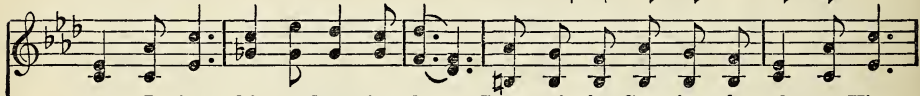
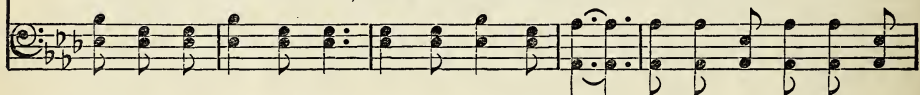
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



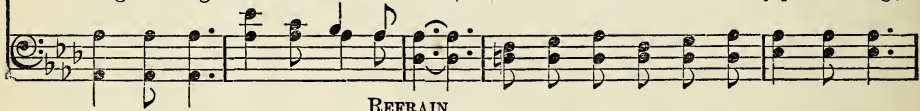
1. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Je - sus bore Cal-v'ry's cross for me! Said to the
 2. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Why should He, God's be-lov-ed Son, Care for a
 3. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Sing with me, Je - sus died for all! He from the



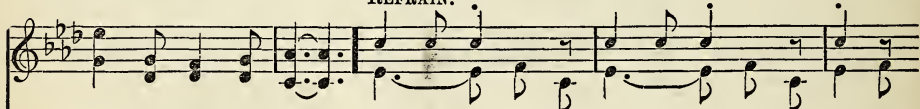
sin-ner, Go sin no more, From your sins set free! O-ver and o-ver the
 sin-ner, like you and me, He the sin-less One? O-ver and o-ver one
 shackles of sin set free, Those who heed His call. O-ver and o-ver the



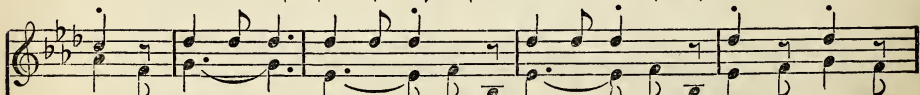
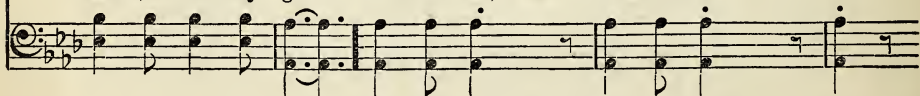
song I sing Of re-deem-ing love, Love of the Sav-ior who rules as King,
 song I sing As thro' life I go, Ev - er the tho't thro' my soul will ring,
 song I'll sing Till I see His face, Then how the an-them of joy will ring,



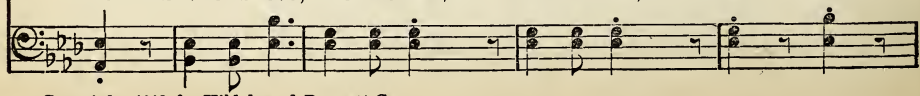
REFRAIN.

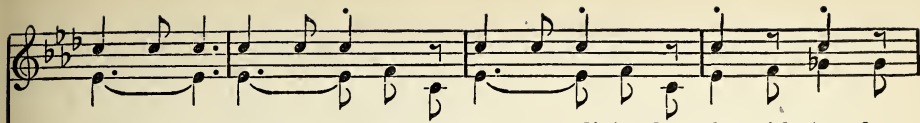


In the realms a - bove. Won - - der-ful, won - - der-ful is the
 Je - sus loved me so.
 Saved, O saved by grace. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful is



Sav-ior's love, . . Won - - der-ful, won - - der-ful, sent from heav'n a-
 the Sav-ior's love, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, sent from

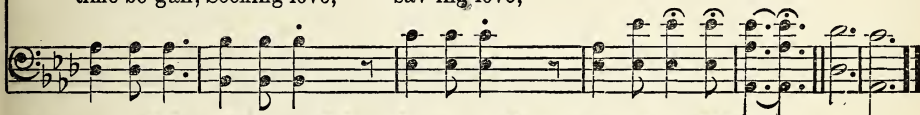




bove, . . . Plead - - ing love, par - - d'ning love, that with time be-
heav'n a-bove, Plead-ing love, par-d'ning love, that with



gan; . . Seek - ing love, sav - ing love, God's best gift to man. A - MEN.
time be-gan; Seeking love, sav-ing love,

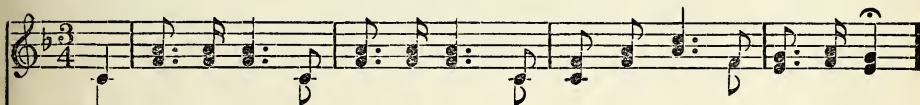


63 My Life, My Love, I Give to Thee

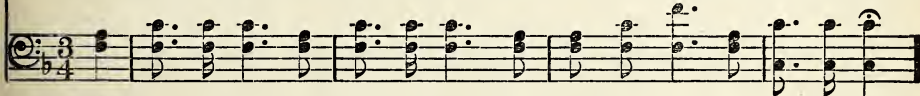
R. E. Hudson.

(I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.)

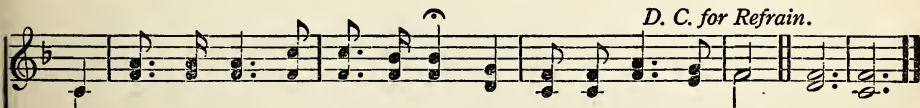
C. R. Dunbar.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

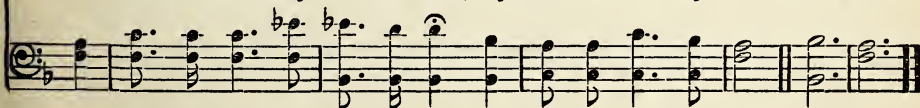


REF.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!



D. C. for Refrain.

Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God! A - MEN.



I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

Used by permission of R. E. Hudson, owner of Copyright.

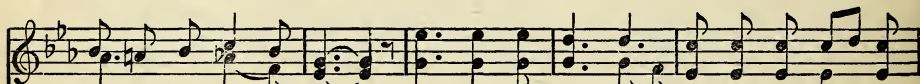
Edna R. Worrell.

Arranged from Verdi.



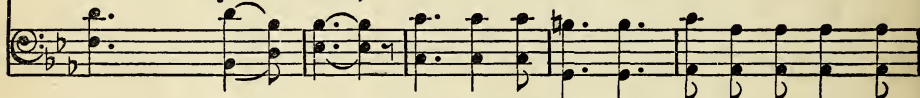
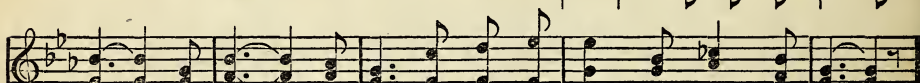
1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - - ior, . . List, O
 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - - pers . God's own
 3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - - fle Yearn - ings
 4. Now, now, NOW as the Spir - it stirs you, Hard - en

1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - ior, List, O
 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - pers God's own
 3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - fle Yearn - ings
 4. Now, now, NOW, as the Spir - it stirs you, Hard - en

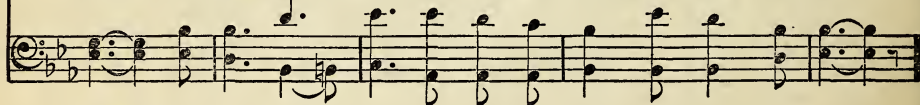



list to His lov - ing call, Of - fer - ing par - don, Par - don from sin to
 voice to each way - ward child; Heed it, O heed it, Be no more sin - be -
 sweet to a life more pure; Quench them no lon - ger, But in God rest se -
 not your fast melt - ing heart; Take, take sal - va - tion, Else shall your chance de -

list to His call,
 voice to His child;
 tow'rd life more pure;
 not your . . heart;

all; O come, He gives par - don from sin to all, to all.
 guiled; O heed His voice, be now no more be - guiled, be - guiled.
 cure; O strive no more, but in God rest se - cure, se - cure.
 part; O take it now, else shall your chance de - part, de - part.



REFRAIN.



Come, come to Je - sus, Come ere this mo - ment takes flight;




It may be now some-one's last call, last call to - night. A - MEN.


65 My Jesus, I Love Thee

(MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE. 11, 11, 11, 11.)

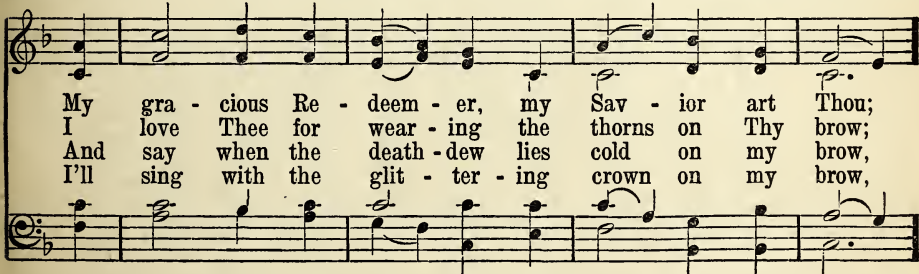
Anonymous.

Adoniram J. Gordon, 1836-1895.

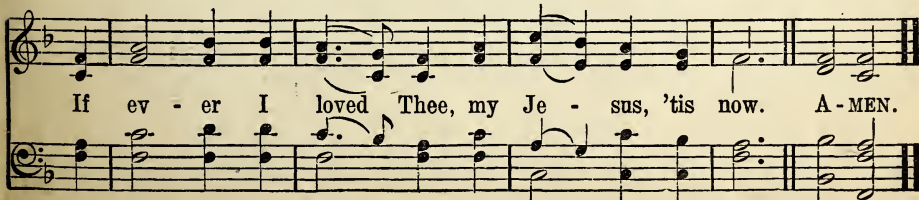
- 
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry, and end - less de - light,



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou;
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.

Gone is All My Debt of Sin

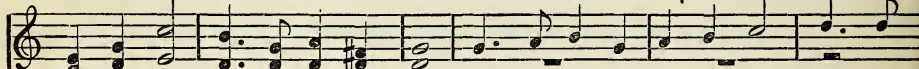
(JESUS PAID IT ALL.)

M. S. Shaffer.

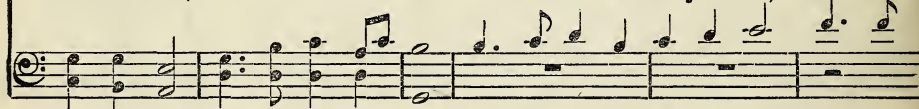
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



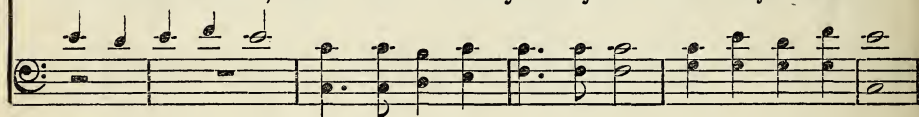
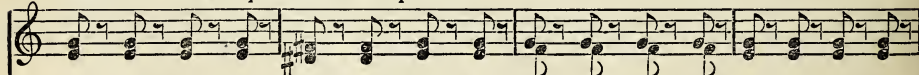
1. Gone is all my debt of sin, A great change is wrought within, And to live I
 2. Oh, I hope to please Him now, Light of joy is on my brow, As at His dear
 3. Sin-ner, not for me a-lone Did the Son of God a-tone; Your debt, too, He



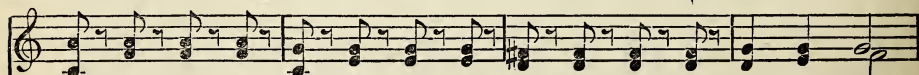
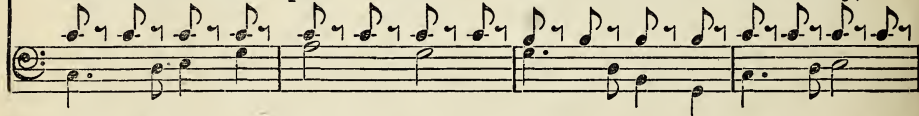
now be-gin, Ris-en from the fall; Yet the debt I did not pay— Some One
 feet I bow, Safe with-in His love. Mak-ing His the debt I owed, Free-dom
 made His own, On the cru-el tree. Come to Him with all your sin; Be as



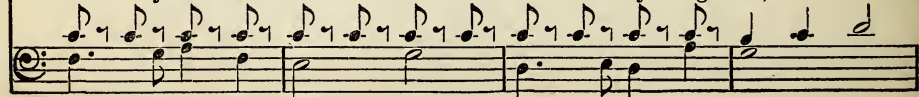
died for me one day, Sweep-ing all the debt a-way,— Je-sus paid it all.
 true He has bestowed; So I'm sing-ing on the road To my home a-bove.
 white as snow with-in; Full sal-va-tion you may win And re-joice with me.

REFRAIN. *Bass to predominate in power.*

Je - sus died and paid it all, yes, On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Oh,
 Je - sus died and paid it On the cross of Cal - va - ry,



And my sto - ny heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing, dy - ing call;
 And my heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing call;



Oh, His heart in shame was bro - ken On the tree for you and me, yes,
Oh, His heart was bro - ken On the tree for you and me,

And the debt, the debt is can - celed, Je - sus paid it, paid it all.
And the debt is can - celed, Je - sus paid it all. A - - - - MEN.

67 I Am Coming to the Cross

W. H. McDonald, 1869.

(TRUSTING. 7s.)

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, — Friends, and time, and earth - ly store,
4. In the prom - is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap - plied;

I am count - ing all my dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be — Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
I am pros - trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

D.S. — *Humbly at the cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.* A - MEN.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

James Rowe.

(12, 14s, 8.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. See! the Ru - ler of na - tions comes in maj - es - ty!
 2. Like the waves of the o - cean rolls His praise to - day,
 3. O the joy that will thrill us some glad day on high,

Let us bow down and wor - ship Him who do - eth all things well;
 For His won - der - ful love has helped so man - y to ex - cel;
 When we see Him in glo - ry, where ce - les - tial prais - es swell;

He leads the na - tions out of sin and caus - es foes to flee:
 He sends the cap - tives, free from chains, all sing - ing on their way:
 Where cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim all join us when we cry:

All hail, our King Im - man - u - ell!
 "All hail, our King Im - man - u - ell!"
 "All hail, our King Im - man - u - ell!"
 All hail, our King Im - man - u - ell!

REFRAIN.

O hon - or His name for - ev - er for what His grace has done;
 O hon - or His name for - ev - er for what His grace has done;

His might-y love in ev-'ry heart should dwell,
His might-y love, His might-y love in ev-'ry heart should dwell, should dwell,

For He is the world's Re-deem - - er, Je - - ho-vah's on - ly Son!
For He is the world's Re-deem-er, Je-ho-vah's on - ly Son!

All hail, our King Im-man-u-el! A - MEN.
All hail, our King Im-man-u-el! our King Im - - man-u-el!

69 "Man of Sorrow," What a Name

P. P. B.

(HALLELUJAH, WHAT A SAVIOR! 7, 7, 7, 8.) P. P. Bliss, 1838-1876.

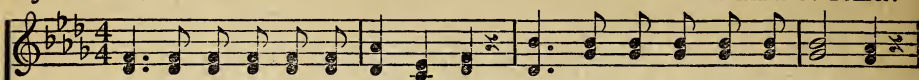
1. "Man of sor-row," what a name For the Son of God who came,
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile, and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
"Full a-tone-ment," can it be! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior! A-MEN.

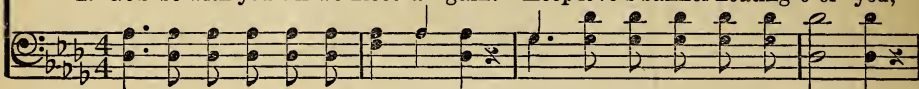
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROMANS. 16: 20.

Jeremiah E. Rankin.

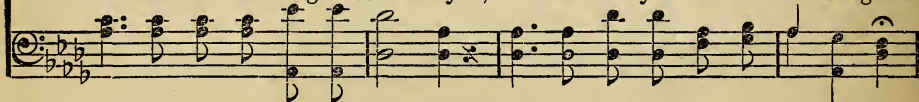
William G. Tomer.



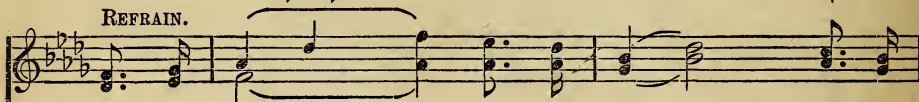
1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



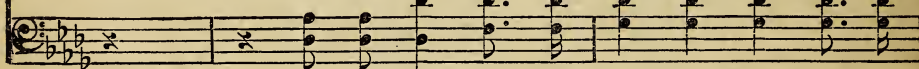
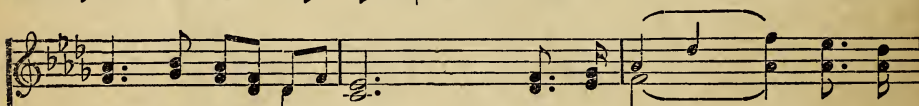

With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Put His arms un-fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!



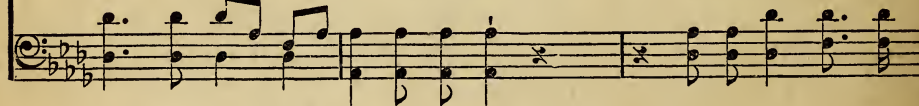
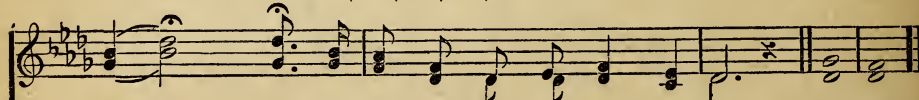
REFRAIN.



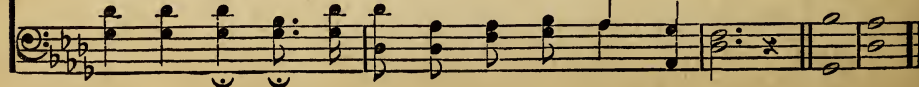
Till we meet! Till we meet, Till we meet! . . . Till we
 Till we meet a - gain!

meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet! Till we meet! . . . Till we
 Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we

meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain! A - MEN.
 meet a - gain!



INDEX—"REVIVAL GEMS No. 2"

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name	54	My Life, My Love, I Give to Thee	63
All the Way My Savior Leads Me	11	Nearer My God to Thee.....	44
"Almost Persuaded" Now to Believe	50	Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.	59
Blest Be the Tie That Binds.....	48	O Happy Day that Fixed My Choice	41
Brightly Beams our Father's Mercy	21	O Why Not Tonight.....	29
Come, Humble Sinner	56	Oh, How I Love Jesus.....	51
Down at the Cross Where My Savior Died	49	O That Will Be Glory.....	8
Father I Stretch My Hands to Thee	46	Old Time Power	32
Go By the Way of the Cross.....	28	On Jordan's Stormy Banks.....	57
God Be With You	70	Only Trust Him	34
Gone Is All My Debt of Sin.....	66	Onward, Christian Soldiers	30
He Keeps me Singing	39	Our King Immanuel	68
How Firm a Foundation	35	Rescue the Perishing	18
I Am Coming to the Cross.....	67	Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.....	42
I Am So Glad that Our Father in Heaven	19	Sing the Wondrous Love of Jesus	22
I Can Hear My Savior Calling... ..	55	Softly and Tenderly	10
I Gave My Life for Thee.....	5	Someone's Last Call	64
I Love to Tell the Story.....	27	Standing on the Promises.....	25
I Must Tell Jesus	24	Sweet Hour of Prayer.....	16
I Need Thee Every Hour.....	53	Sweet Peace the Gift of God's Love	9
I Will Arise and Go to Jesus....	52	Take the Home-Path.....	36
I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.	3	The King's Business.....	4
In My Heart There Rings a Melody	15	The Lord Raised Me.....	33
In the Cross of Christ I Glory.. ..	58	The Service of Jesus.....	14
Jesus Lover of My Soul.....	1	The Song of Wonderful Love... ..	62
Just as I Am	43	The Whole World Was Lost... ..	7
Let Him In	2	There is a Fountain Filled With Blood	23
Loyalty to Christ	6	There's a Land that is Fairer Than Day	37
"Man of Sorrow" What a Name.	69	Throw Out the Life-Line.....	17
More about Jesus	40	We Praise Thee, O God.....	20
My Country 'Tis of Thee.....	61	We'll Work Till Jesus Comes... ..	26
My Faith Looks Up to Thee....	45	What a Friend We Have in Jesus	31
My Jesus. I Love Thee.....	65	When They Ring the Golden Bells	60
		Where Is My Boy Tonight.....	12
		Whosoever Meaneth Me	38
		Why Not Now?	47
		Wonderful Words of Life.....	13

Topical Index—Condensed

Adoration 54, 68, 69.	Evening-Song 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 11, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 28, 33, 36, 38, 39, 40, 44, 48, 70.	Missionary 4, 6, 17, 18, 21.
Aspiration 1, 40.	Experience 27, 39, 41.	Opening 16, 24, 35, 48, 53, 54.
Assurance 25, 35, 41, 42	God (Father) 20, 35, 70.	Patriotic 61.
Atonement 5, 23, 34, 42, 43, 59.	Grace 8, 55.	Praise 20, 27, 41, 54, 58.
Baptism 5, 41, 45, 55.	Heaven 8, 22, 26, 37, 57.	Prayer 16, 24, 31.
Bible 13, 25, 27, 34, 35, 40.	Holy Spirit 40.	Promise 25, 35.
Christ 3, 5, 69.	Hymns for Youth 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 13, 19, 21, 30, 42, 45, 53, 54, 58, 61, 63, 70.	Recessional 6, 30, 35, 66, 68.
Christ (Love of) 3, 9, 62.	Invitation 2, 7, 10, 17, 18, 23, 28, 29, 32, 34, 36, 43, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51, 52, 56, 64, 67.	Repentance 1, 43, 46, 52, 56, 59, c.
Christ (Master) 30.	Jesus (Friend) 7, 31, 39.	Savior 2, 5, 33, 63.
Choruses 28, 33, 36, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68.	Jesus (King) 4, 68.	Savior (Guide) 11, 39, 45, 55.
Closing 48, 70.	Jesus (Love) 24, 27, 40, 65.	Savior (Love) 5, 69.
Communion 1, 5, 23, 43, 58, 65.	Memorial 1, 44.	Social Service 7, 14, 17, 18, 21, 30, 33.
Conflict 6, 30, 41.		Solos 7, 9, 12.
Consecration 5, 44, 53, 55, 63, 65.		Temperance 17, 18, 21.
Cross 58, 67.		Trust 34, 46, 67.
Duets 1, 14.		Work 14, 26.
Devotional 1, 11, 16, 31, 42, 44, 45, 53, 55, 65.		

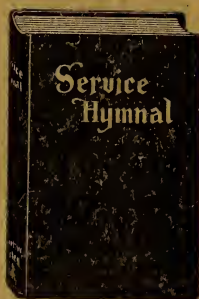
Are you acquainted with our large new hymn book

"SERVICE HYMNAL"

672 Pages, 745 Numbers

Over 60 departments with running headings. Contains the old favorite hymns and later ones of merit.

Responsive readings and five tables of indexes. Proving an inspiration to congregations and Sunday Schools everywhere.



Suitable for **all** services and special occasions.

Words within the score.

Printed on the best opacity English finish paper.

Expensively bound in cloth boards.

Reinforced and strongly sewed.

Made to stand long and hard use.

Opens flat.

No other book on the market covering as wide a scope in selection of hymns.

Be sure to acquaint yourself with this great book—"SERVICE HYMNAL."

Your choice, round or shaped notes.

\$1.00 per copy. This particular book sold at a **special discount** to ministers, choir leaders and superintendents in **100 lots or more.**

Address the Publishers

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY & SON

53 W. Jackson Blvd.

Chicago, Ill.

"The Price of 'SERVICE HYMNAL' is soon forgotten,
Its **Beautiful Hymns Never.**"